

MAUD

TENNYSON





Class PP 5094

Book 41

Copyright N^o 1305

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.









Maud





She came to the village church.

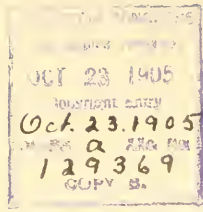
Maud
by
Alfred Tennyson

Illustrated by
Margaret & Helen
Maitland Armstrong

Ⓜ

New York
Dodd Mead & Company
1905

PR 5567
.A
1905



Copyright, 1905
BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

Published September, 1905

PRESSWORK BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.



Illustrations

She came to the village church	. <i>Frontispiece</i>
I played with her when a child	. . . 8
At the head of the village street	. . . 22
Alone in an empty house 26
Gathering woodland lilies 40
Maud's own little oak-room 44
I heard her close the door 54
Come into the garden, Maud 72
On the Breton strand 82
The phantom cold 90

T.H.N. Nov 7



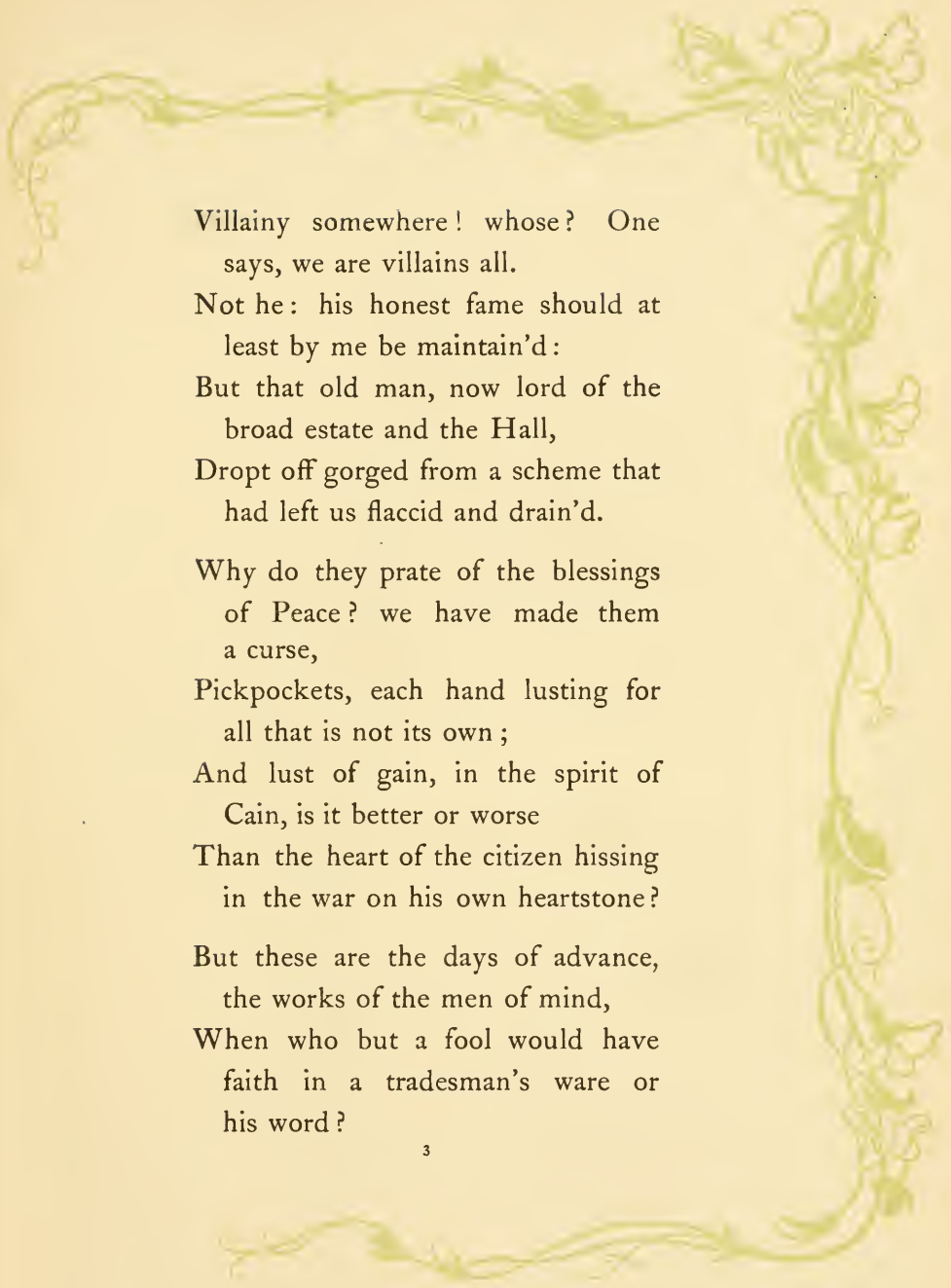
I HATE the dreadful hollow behind
the little wood,
Its lips in the field above are dabbled
with blood-red heath,
The red-ribb'd ledges drip with a
silent horror of blood,
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd
her, answers "Death."

For there in the ghastly pit long
since a body was found,
His who had given me life—O father!
O God! was it well?—

Mangled, and flatten'd, and crush'd,
and dented into the ground :
There yet lies the rock that fell with
him when he fell.

Did he fling himself down? who
knows? for a vast speculation
had fail'd,
And ever he mutter'd and madden'd,
and ever wann'd with despair,
And out he walk'd when the wind
like a broken worlding wail'd,
And the flying gold of the ruin'd
woodlands drove thro' the air.

I remember the time, for the roots
of my hair were stirr'd
By a shuffled step, by a dead weight
trail'd, by a whisper'd fright,
And my pulses closed their gates with
a shock on my heart as I heard
The shrill-edged shriek of a mother
divide the shuddering night.



Villainy somewhere! whose? One
says, we are villains all.

Not he: his honest fame should at
least by me be maintain'd:

But that old man, now lord of the
broad estate and the Hall,
Dropt off gorged from a scheme that
had left us flaccid and drain'd.

Why do they prate of the blessings
of Peace? we have made them
a curse,

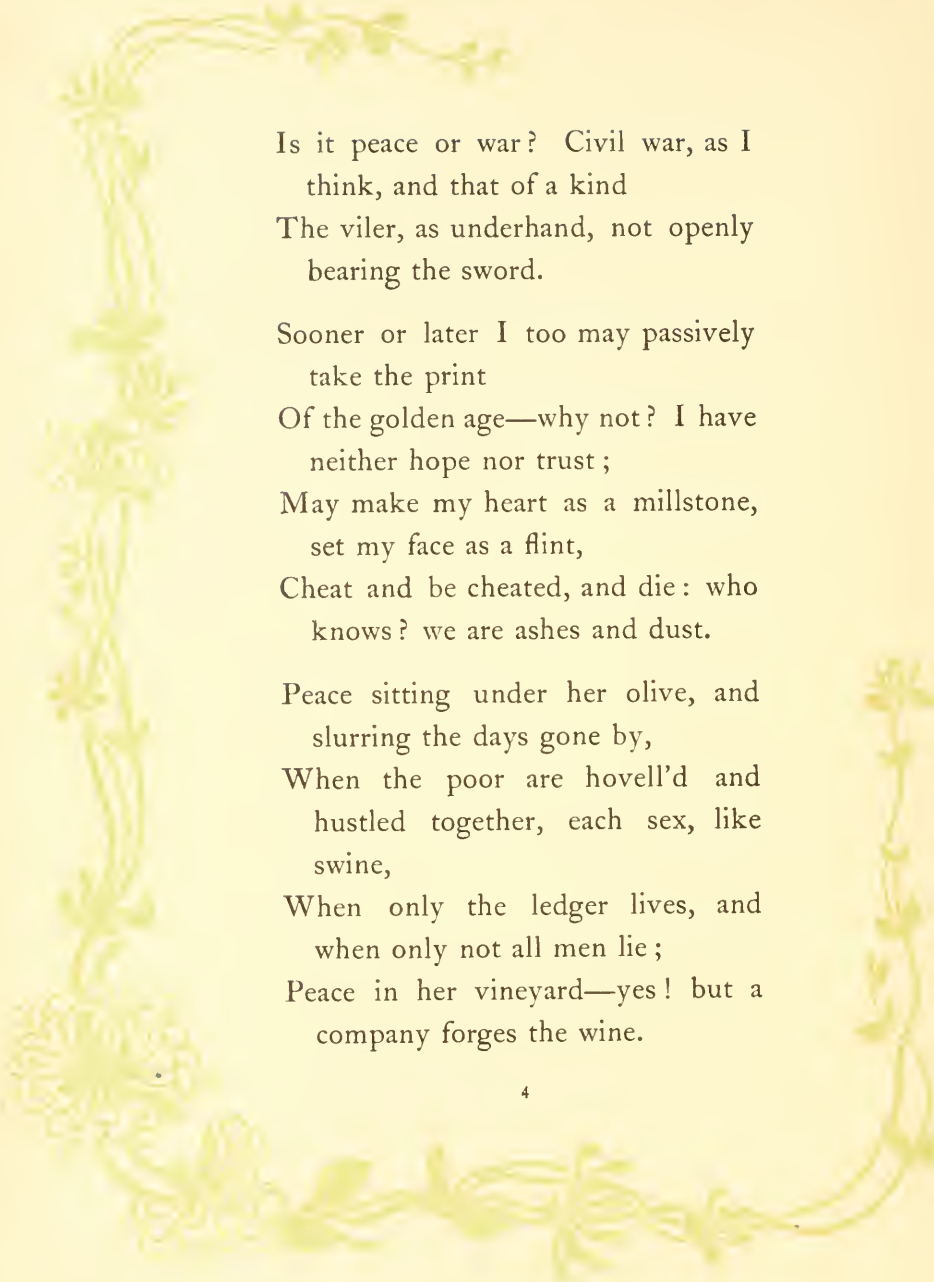
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for
all that is not its own;

And lust of gain, in the spirit of
Cain, is it better or worse

Than the heart of the citizen hissing
in the war on his own heartstone?

But these are the days of advance,
the works of the men of mind,

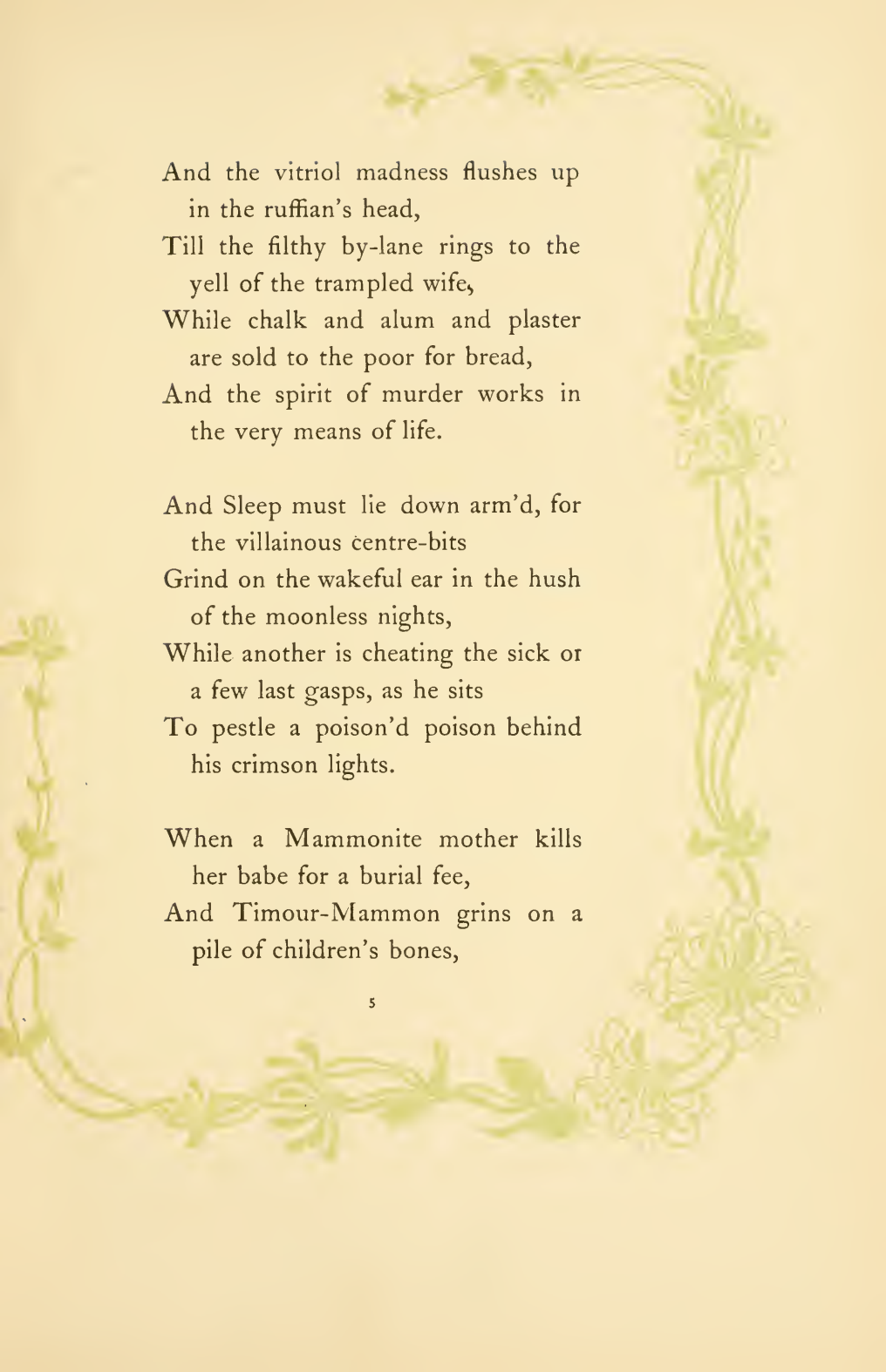
When who but a fool would have
faith in a tradesman's ware or
his word?



Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I
think, and that of a kind
The viler, as underhand, not openly
bearing the sword.

Sooner or later I too may passively
take the print
Of the golden age—why not? I have
neither hope nor trust ;
May make my heart as a millstone,
set my face as a flint,
Cheat and be cheated, and die : who
knows? we are ashes and dust.

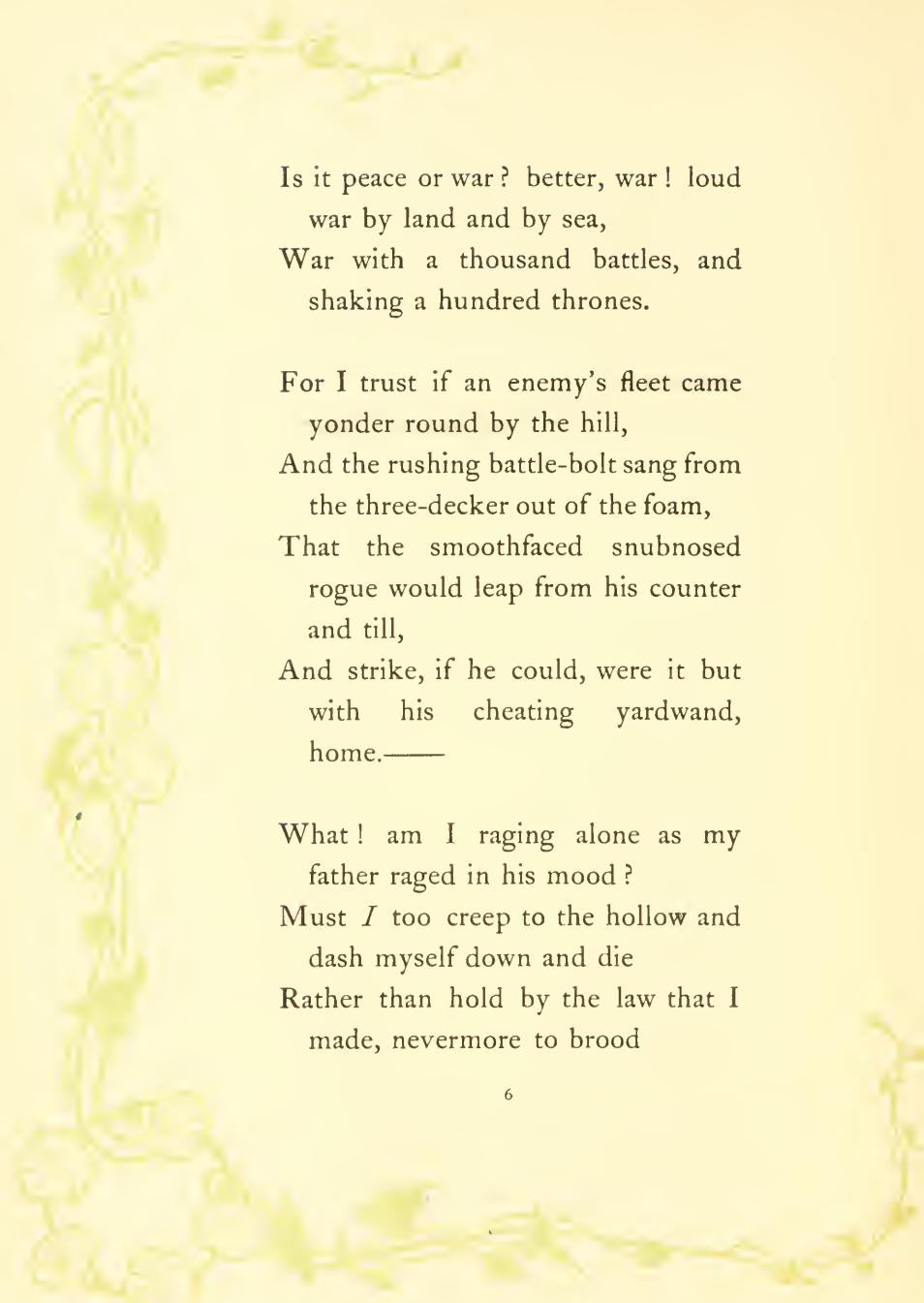
Peace sitting under her olive, and
slurring the days gone by,
When the poor are hovell'd and
hustled together, each sex, like
swine,
When only the ledger lives, and
when only not all men lie ;
Peace in her vineyard—yes! but a
company forges the wine.



And the vitriol madness flushes up
in the ruffian's head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the
yell of the trampled wife,
While chalk and alum and plaster
are sold to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in
the very means of life.

And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for
the villainous centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush
of the moonless nights,
While another is cheating the sick or
a few last gasps, as he sits
To pestle a poison'd poison behind
his crimson lights.

When a Mammonite mother kills
her babe for a burial fee,
And Timour-Mammon grins on a
pile of children's bones,



Is it peace or war? better, war! loud
war by land and by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and
shaking a hundred thrones.

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came
yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from
the three-decker out of the foam,
That the smoothfaced snubnosed
rogue would leap from his counter
and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but
with his cheating yardwand,
home.—

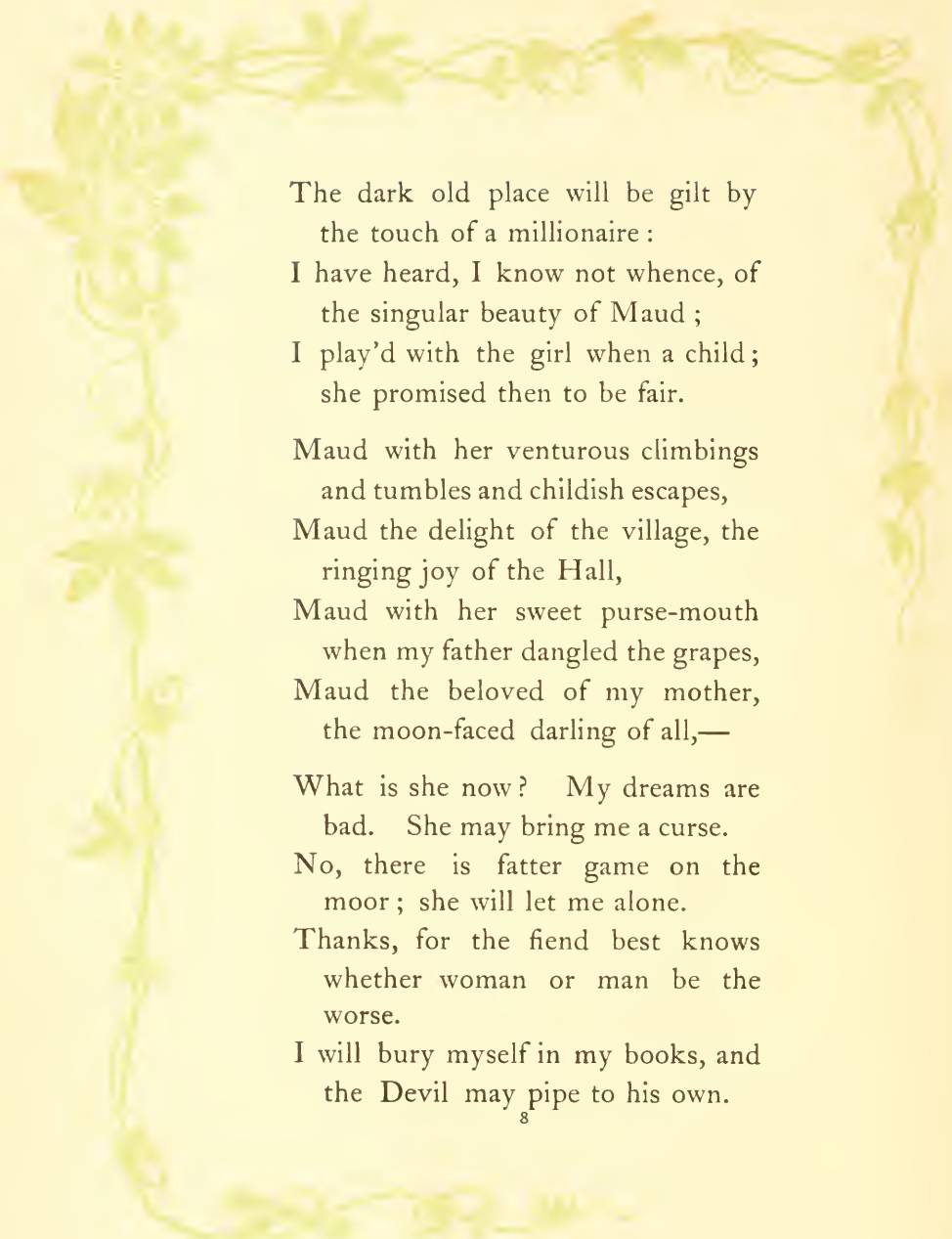
What! am I raging alone as my
father raged in his mood?
Must *I* too creep to the hollow and
dash myself down and die
Rather than hold by the law that I
made, nevermore to brood

On a horror of shatter'd limbs and a
wretched swindler's lie?

Would there be sorrow for *me*? there
was *love* in the passionate shriek,
Love for the silent thing that had
made false haste to the grave—
Wrapt in a cloak, as I saw him, and
thought he would rise and speak
And rave at the lie and the liar, ah
God, as he used to rave.

I am sick of the Hall and the hill, I
am sick of the moor and the main.
Why should I stay? can a sweeter
chance ever come to me here?
O, having the nerves of motion as
well as the nerves of pain,
Were it not wise if I fled from the
place and the pit and the fear?

There are workmen up at the Hall:
they are coming back from abroad;



The dark old place will be gilt by
the touch of a millionaire :

I have heard, I know not whence, of
the singular beauty of Maud ;
I play'd with the girl when a child ;
she promised then to be fair.

Maud with her venturous climbings
and tumbles and childish escapes,
Maud the delight of the village, the
ringing joy of the Hall,
Maud with her sweet purse-mouth
when my father dangled the grapes,
Maud the beloved of my mother,
the moon-faced darling of all,—

What is she now? My dreams are
bad. She may bring me a curse.

No, there is fatter game on the
moor ; she will let me alone.

Thanks, for the fiend best knows
whether woman or man be the
worse.

I will bury myself in my books, and
the Devil may pipe to his own.

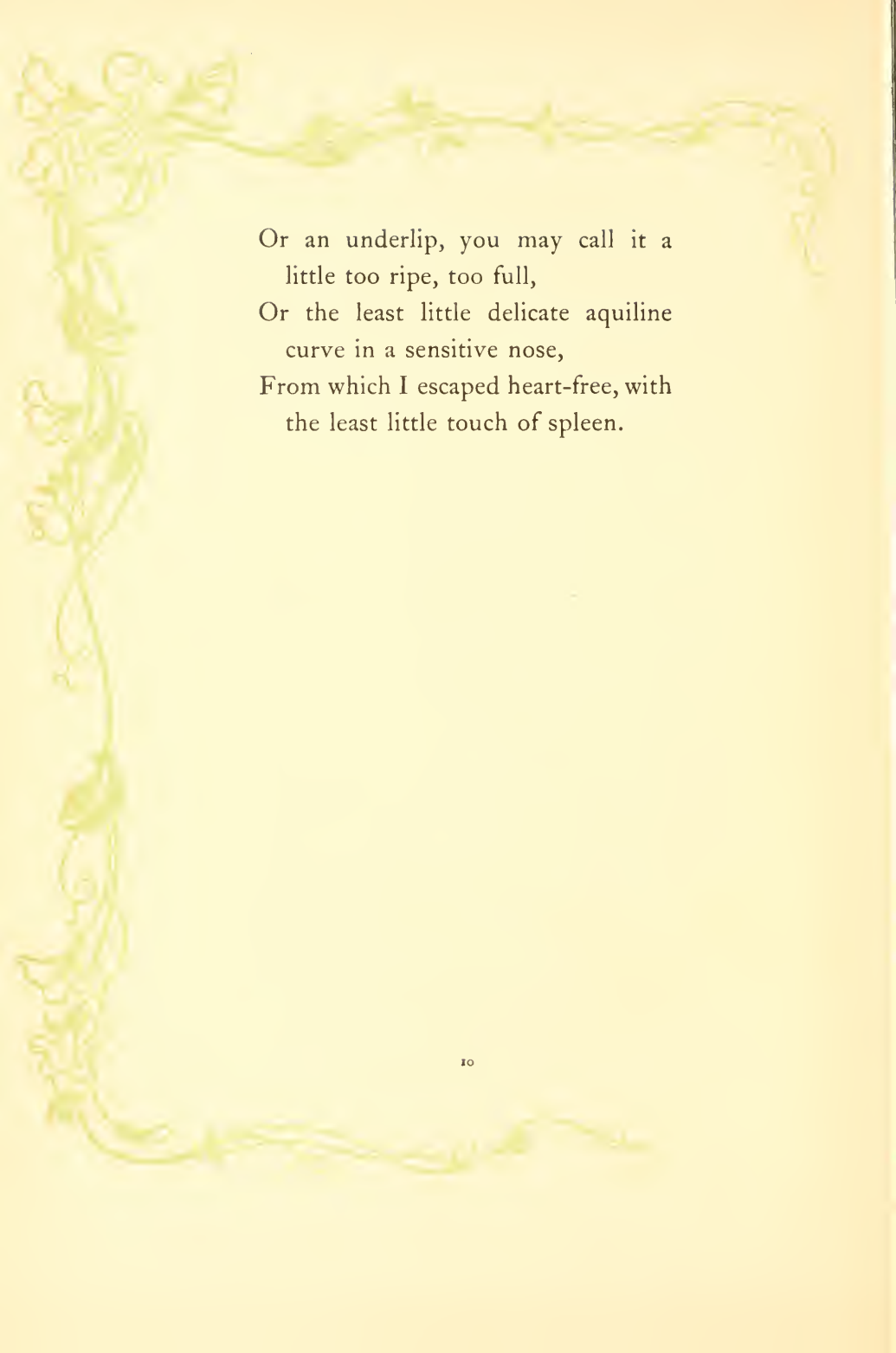


I played with her when a child.





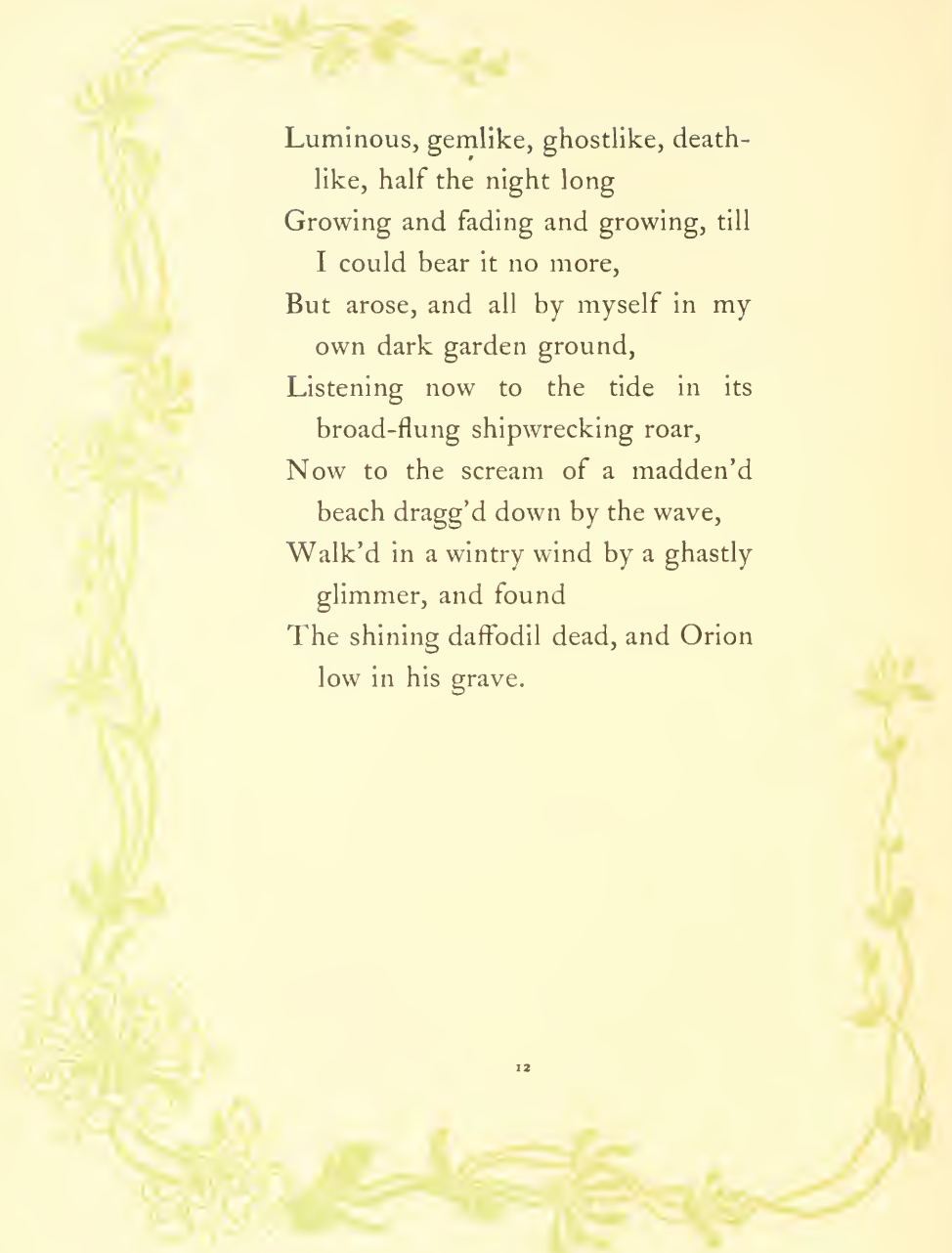
LONG have I sigh'd for a calm : God
grant I may find it at last !
It will never be broken by Maud,
she has neither savour nor salt,
But a cold and clear-cut face, as I
found when her carriage past,
Perfectly beautiful : let it be granted
her : where is the fault ?
All that I saw (for her eyes were
downcast, not to be seen)
Faultily faultless, icily regular, splen-
didly null,
Dead perfection, no more ; nothing
more, if it had not been
For a chance of travel, a paleness, an
hour's defect of the rose,



Or an underlip, you may call it a
 little too ripe, too full,
Or the least little delicate aquiline
 curve in a sensitive nose,
From which I escaped heart-free, with
 the least little touch of spleen.



COLD and clear-cut face, why come
you so cruelly meek,
Breaking a slumber in which all
spleenful folly was drown'd,
Pale with the golden beam of an
eyelash dead on the cheek,
Passionless, pale, cold face, star-
sweet on a gloom profound ;
Womanlike, taking revenge too deep
for a transient wrong
Done but in thought to your beauty,
and ever as pale as before
Growing and fading and growing
upon me without a sound,



Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, death-
like, half the night long
Growing and fading and growing, till
I could bear it no more,
But arose, and all by myself in my
own dark garden ground,
Listening now to the tide in its
broad-flung shipwrecking roar,
Now to the scream of a madden'd
beach dragg'd down by the wave,
Walk'd in a wintry wind by a ghastly
glimmer, and found
The shining daffodil dead, and Orion
low in his grave.



A MILLION emeralds break from the
ruby-budded lime
In the little grove where I sit—ah,
wherefore cannot I be
Like things of the season gay, like
the bountiful season bland,
When the far-off sail is blown by
the breeze of a softer clime,
Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom
of a crescent of sea,
The silent sapphire-spangled mar-
riage ring of the land?

Below me, there, is the village, and
looks how quiet and small !
And yet bubbles o'er like a city, with
gossip, scandal, and spite ;
And Jack on his ale-house bench
has as many lies as a Czar ;
And here on the landward side, by a
red rock, glimmers the Hall ;
And up in the high Hall-garden I
see her pass like a light ;
But sorrow seize me if ever that light
be my leading star !

When have I bow'd to her father,
the wrinkled head of the race ?
I met her to-day with her brother,
but not to her brother I bow'd ;
I bow'd to his lady-sister as she rode
by on the moor ;
But the fire of a foolish pride flash'd
over her beautiful face.
O child, you wrong your beauty,
believe it, in being so proud ;

Your father has wealth well-gotten,
and I am nameless and poor.

I keep but a man and a maid, ever
ready to slander and steal ;

I know it, and smile a hard-set smile,
like a stoic, or like

A wiser epicurean, and let the world
have its way :

For nature is one with rapine, a harm
no preacher can heal ;

The Mayfly is torn by the swallow,
the sparrow-spear'd by the shrike,

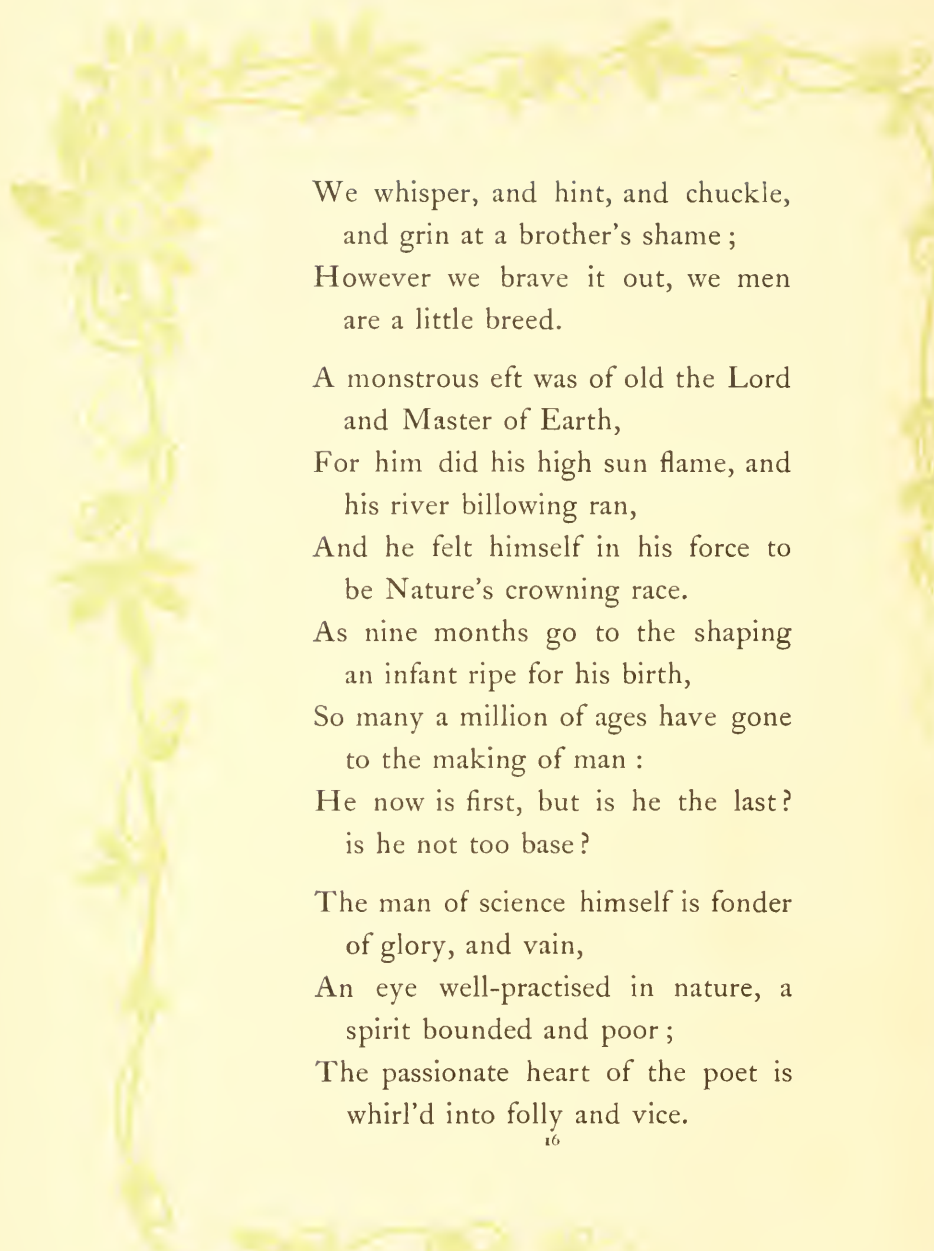
And the whole little wood where I
sit is a world of plunder and prey.

We are puppets, Man in his pride,
and Beauty fair, in her flower ;

Do we move ourselves, or are moved
by an unseen hand at a game

That pushes us off from the board,
and others ever succeed ?

Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each
other here for an hour ;



We whisper, and hint, and chuckle,
and grin at a brother's shame ;
However we brave it out, we men
are a little breed.

A monstrous eft was of old the Lord
and Master of Earth,
For him did his high sun flame, and
his river billowing ran,
And he felt himself in his force to
be Nature's crowning race.

As nine months go to the shaping
an infant ripe for his birth,
So many a million of ages have gone
to the making of man :
He now is first, but is he the last?
is he not too base?

The man of science himself is fonder
of glory, and vain,
An eye well-practised in nature, a
spirit bounded and poor ;
The passionate heart of the poet is
whirl'd into folly and vice.

I would not marvel at either, but
keep a temperate brain ;
For not to desire or admire, if a man
could learn it, were more
Than to walk all day like the sultan
of old in a garden of spice.

For the drift of the Maker is dark,
an Isis hid by the veil.

Who knows the ways of the world,
how God will bring them about?

Our planet is one, the suns are many,
the world is wide.

Shall I weep if a Poland fall? shall I
shriek if a Hungary fail?

Or an infant civilisation be ruled
with rod or with knout?

I have not made the world, and He
that made it will guide.

Be mine a philosopher's life in the
quiet woodland ways,

Where if I cannot be gay let a pas-
sionless peace be my lot,

Far-off from the clamour of liars
belied in the hubbub of lies ;
From the long-neck'd geese of the
world that are ever hissing dispraise
Because their natures are little, and,
whether he heed it or not,
Where each man walks with his head
in a cloud of poisonous flies.

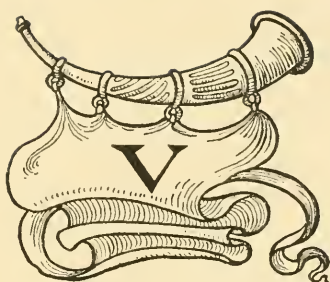
And most of all would I flee from
the cruel madness of love,
The honey of poison-flowers and all
the measureless ill.

Ah Maud, you milk-white fawn, you
are all unmeet for a wife.

Your mother is mute in her grave as
her image in marble above ;

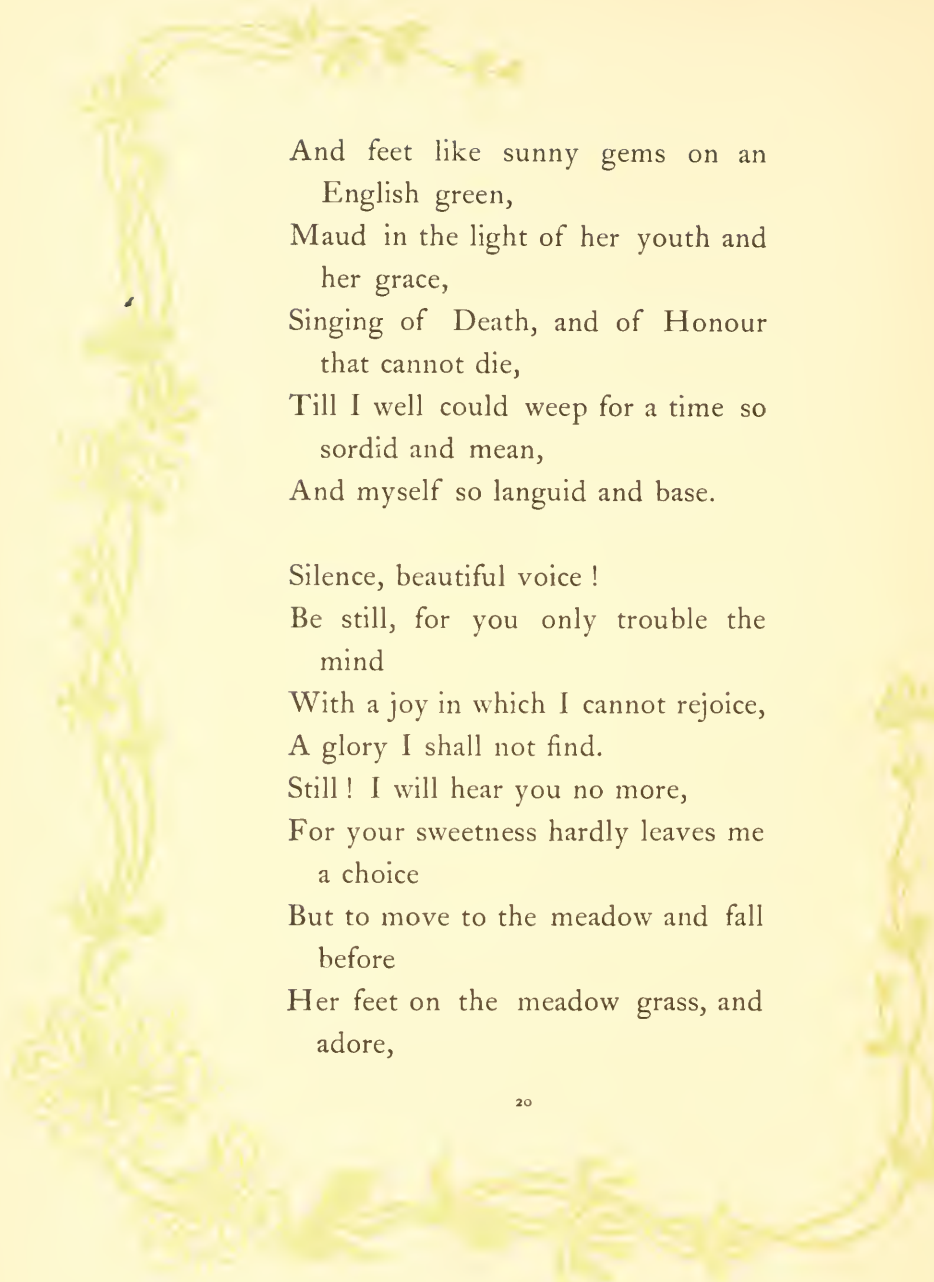
Your father is ever in London, you
wander about at your will ;

You have but fed on the roses, and
lain in the lilies of life.




A VOICE by the cedar tree,
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known
to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of
May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the
sunny sky,

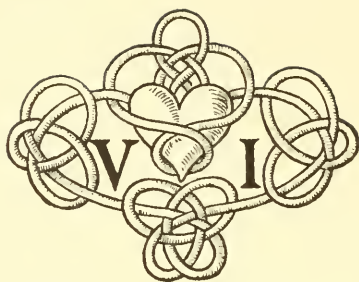


And feet like sunny gems on an
English green,
Maud in the light of her youth and
her grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honour
that cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time so
sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base.

Silence, beautiful voice !
Be still, for you only trouble the
mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.
Still ! I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me
a choice
But to move to the meadow and fall
before
Her feet on the meadow grass, and
adore,



Not her, who is neither courtly nor
kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice.



MORNING arises stormy and pale,
No sun, but a wannish glare
In fold upon fold of hueless cloud,
And the budded peaks of the wood
are bow'd
Caught and cuff'd by the gale ;
I had fancied it would be fair.

Whom but Maud should I meet
Last night, when the sunset burn'd
On the blossom'd gable-ends
At the head of the village street,
Whom but Maud should I meet ?
And she touch'd my hand with a
smile so sweet



At the head of the village street.

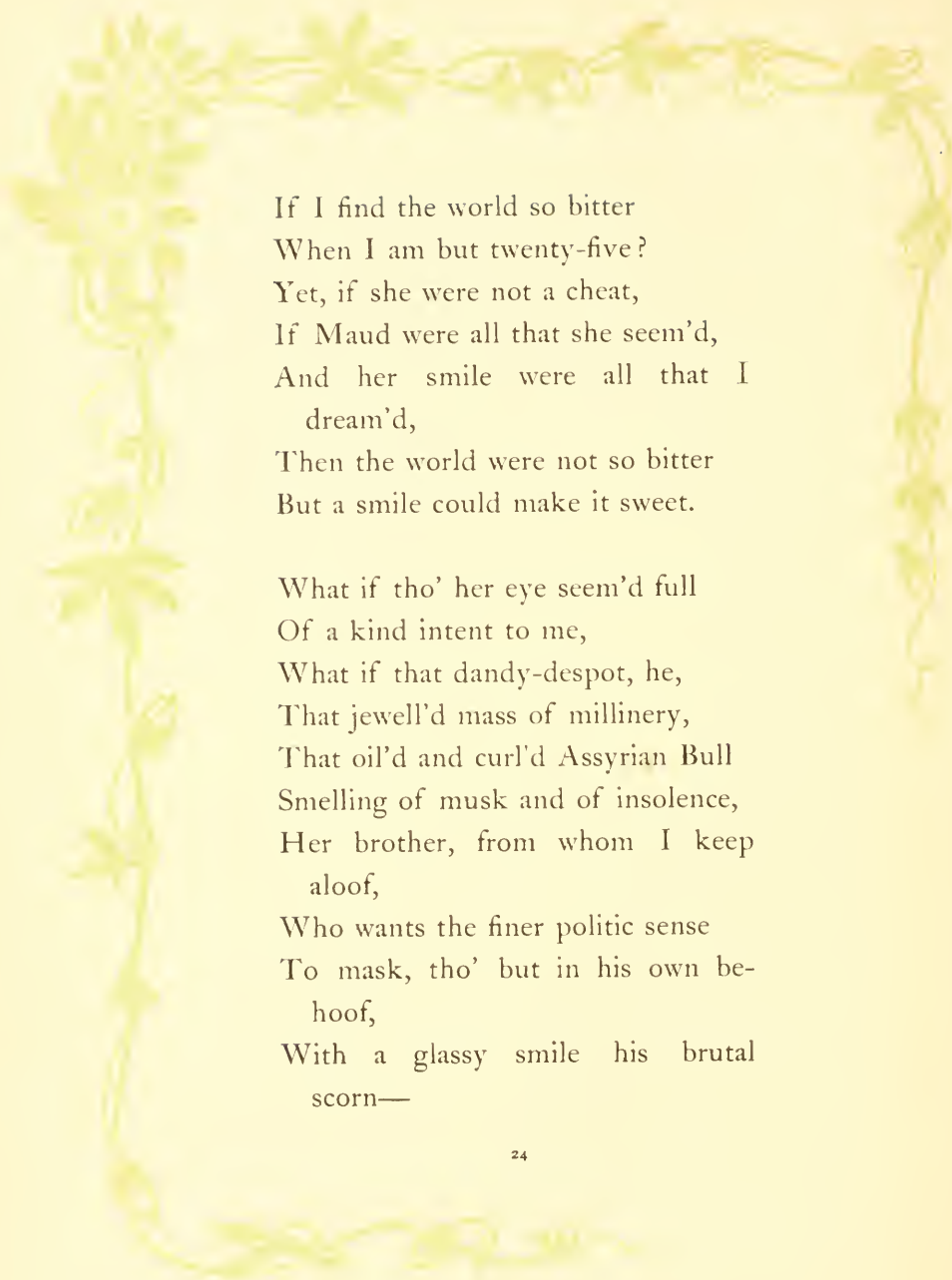


She made me divine amends
For a courtesy not return'd.

And thus a delicate spark
Of glowing and growing light
Thro' the livelong hours of the dark
Kept itself warm in the heart of my
dreams,
Ready to burst in a colour'd flame ;
Till at last when the morning came
In a cloud, it faded, and seems
But an ashen-gray delight.

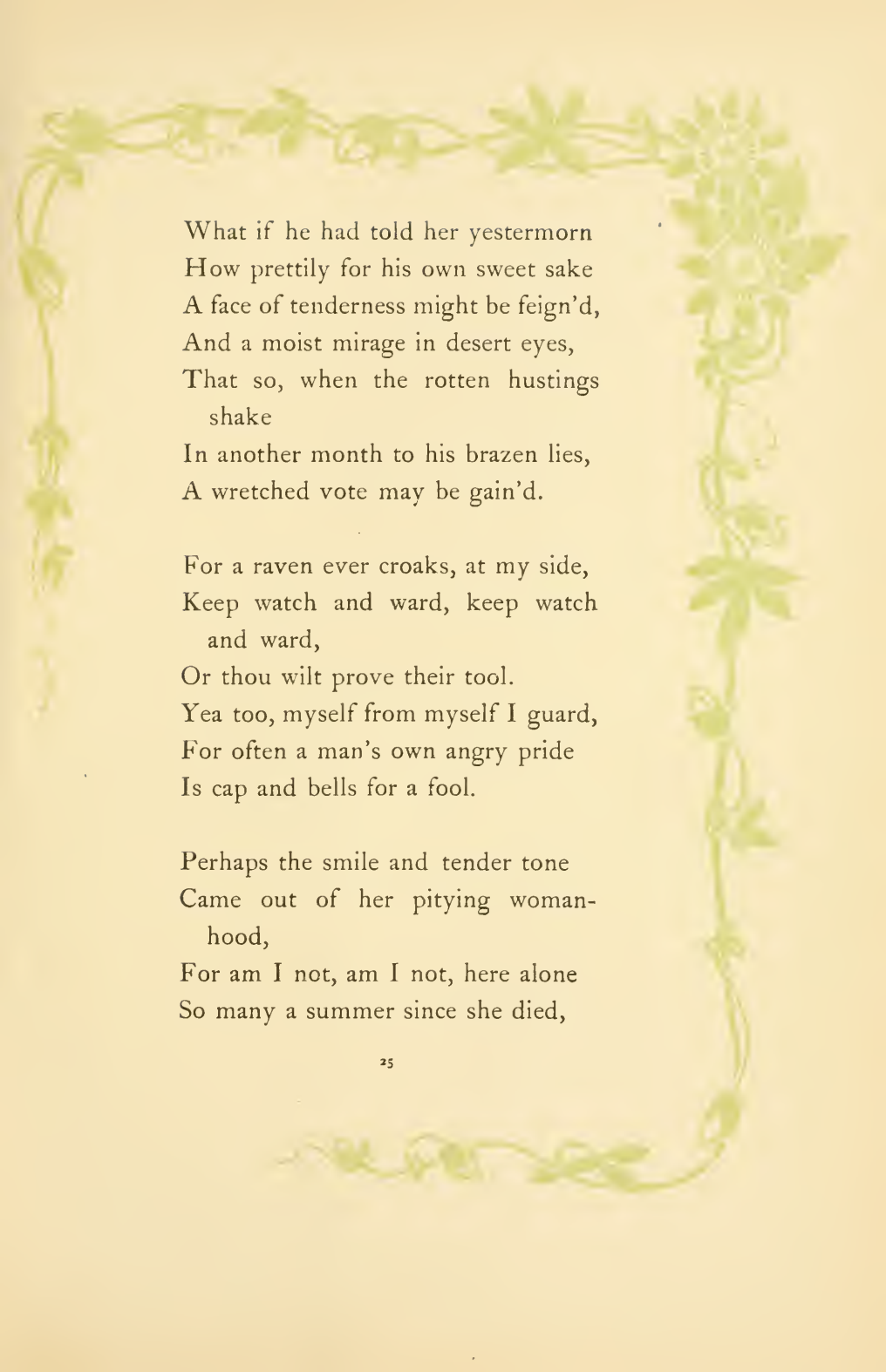
What if with her sunny hair,
And smile as sunny as cold,
She meant to weave me a snare
Of some coquettish deceit,
Cleopatra-like as of old
To entangle me when we met,
To have her lion roll in a silken net
And fawn at a victor's feet.

Ah, what shall I be at fifty
Should Nature keep me alive,



If I find the world so bitter
When I am but twenty-five?
Yet, if she were not a cheat,
If Maud were all that she seem'd,
And her smile were all that I
dream'd,
Then the world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet.

What if tho' her eye seem'd full
Of a kind intent to me,
What if that dandy-despot, he,
That jewell'd mass of millinery,
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull
Smelling of musk and of insolence,
Her brother, from whom I keep
aloof,
Who wants the finer politic sense
To mask, tho' but in his own be-
hoof,
With a glassy smile his brutal
scorn—



What if he had told her yesternorn
How prettily for his own sweet sake
A face of tenderness might be feign'd,
And a moist mirage in desert eyes,
That so, when the rotten hustings
shake
In another month to his brazen lies,
A wretched vote may be gain'd.

For a raven ever croaks, at my side,
Keep watch and ward, keep watch
and ward,
Or thou wilt prove their tool.
Yea too, myself from myself I guard,
For often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.

Perhaps the smile and tender tone
Came out of her pitying woman-
hood,
For am I not, am I not, here alone
So many a summer since she died,

My mother, who was so gentle and
good?

Living alone in an empty house,
Here half-hid in the gleaming wood,
Where I hear the dead at midday
moan,

And the shrieking rush of the wain-
scot mouse,

And my own sad name in corners
cried,

When the shiver of dancing leaves is
thrown

About its echoing chambers wide,
Till a morbid hate and horror have
grown

Of a world in which I have hardly
mixt,

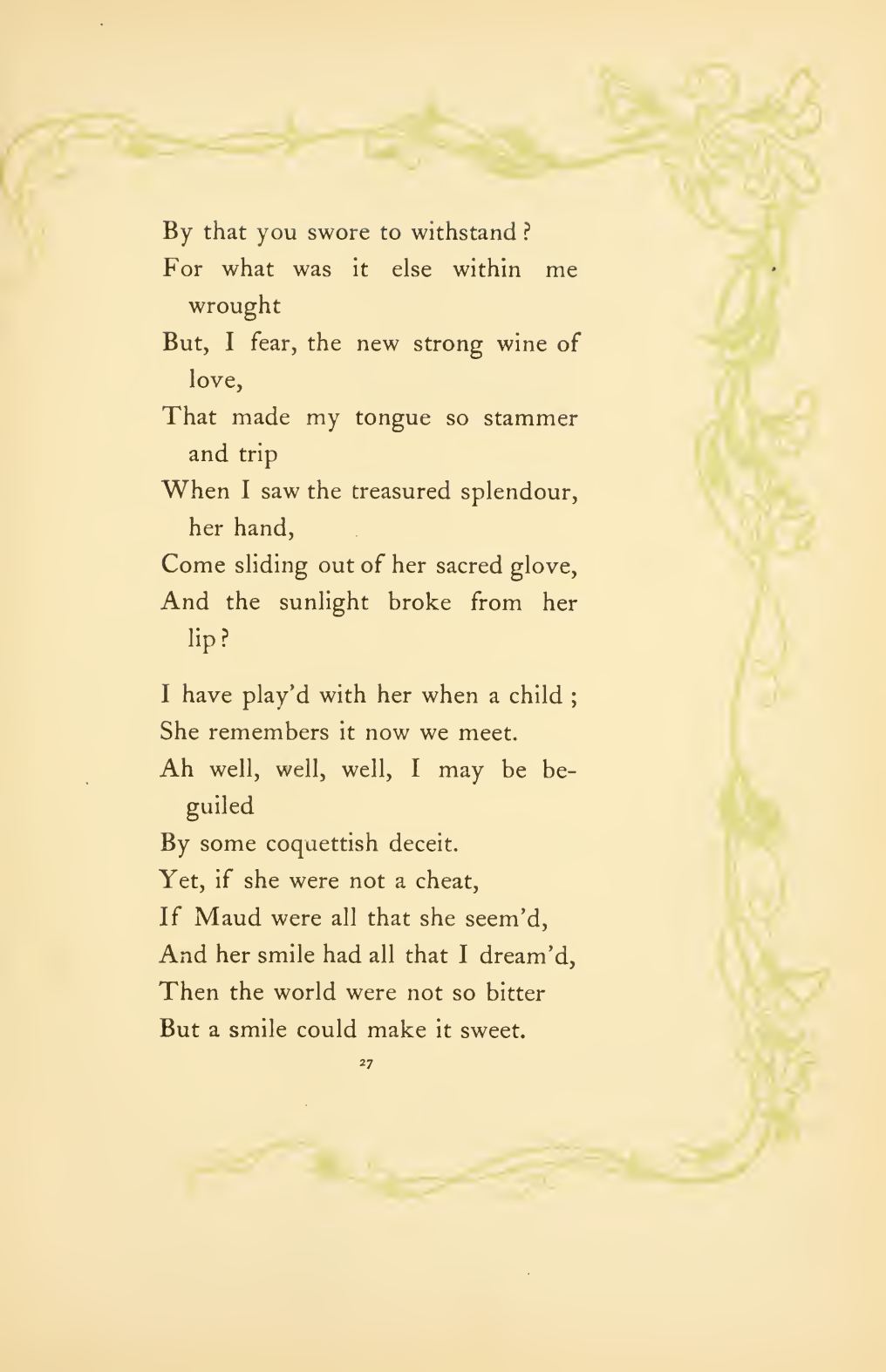
And a morbid eating lichen fixt
On a heart half-turn'd to stone.

O heart of stone, are you flesh, and
caught



Alone in an empty house.





By that you swore to withstand?
For what was it else within me
wrought
But, I fear, the new strong wine of
love,
That made my tongue so stammer
and trip
When I saw the treasured splendour,
her hand,
Come sliding out of her sacred glove,
And the sunlight broke from her
lip?


I have play'd with her when a child;
She remembers it now we meet.
Ah well, well, well, I may be be-
guiled
By some coquettish deceit.
Yet, if she were not a cheat,
If Maud were all that she seem'd,
And her smile had all that I dream'd,
Then the world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet.



DID I hear it half in a doze
 Long since, I know not where?
Did I dream it an hour ago,
 When asleep in this arm-chair?

Men were drinking together,
 Drinking and talking of me;
“ Well, if it prove a girl, the boy
 Will have plenty; so let it be.”


Is it an echo of something
 Read with a boy's delight,
Viziers nodding together
 In some Arabian night?



Strange, that I hear two men,
Somewhere, talking of me ;
“ Well, if it prove a girl, my boy
Will have plenty : so let it be.”



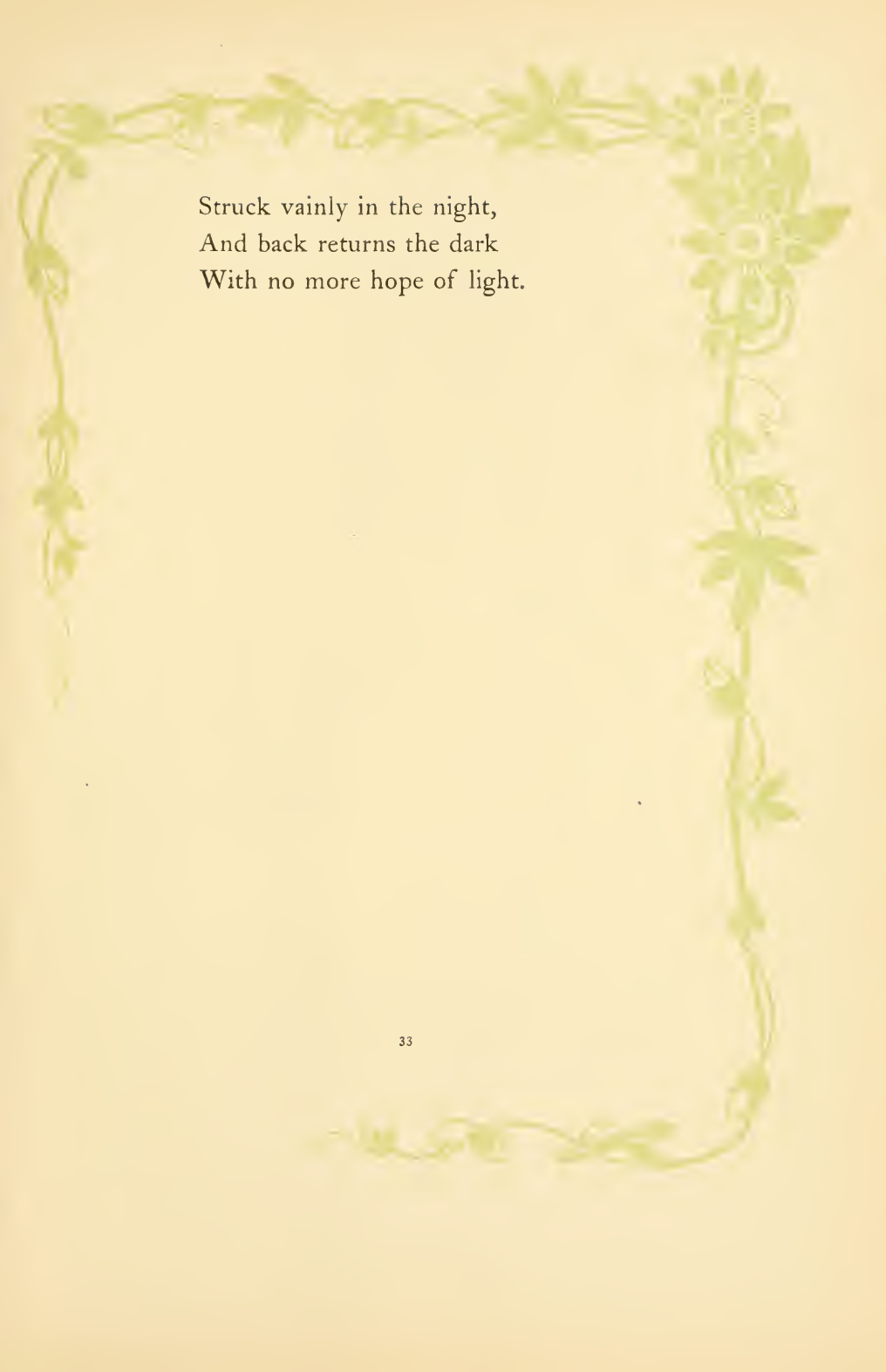
SHE came to the village church,
And sat by a pillar alone ;
An angel watching an urn
Wept over her, carved in stone ;
And once, but once, she lifted her
 eyes,
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely
 blush'd
To find they were met by my own ;
And suddenly, sweetly, my heart
 beat stronger
And thicker, until I heard no longer
The snowy-banded, dilettante,



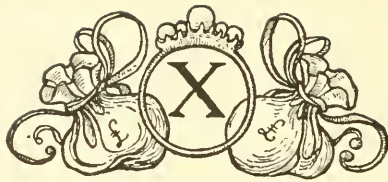
Delicate-handed priest intone ;
And thought, is it pride, and mused
and sigh'd,
“No surely, now it cannot be pride.”



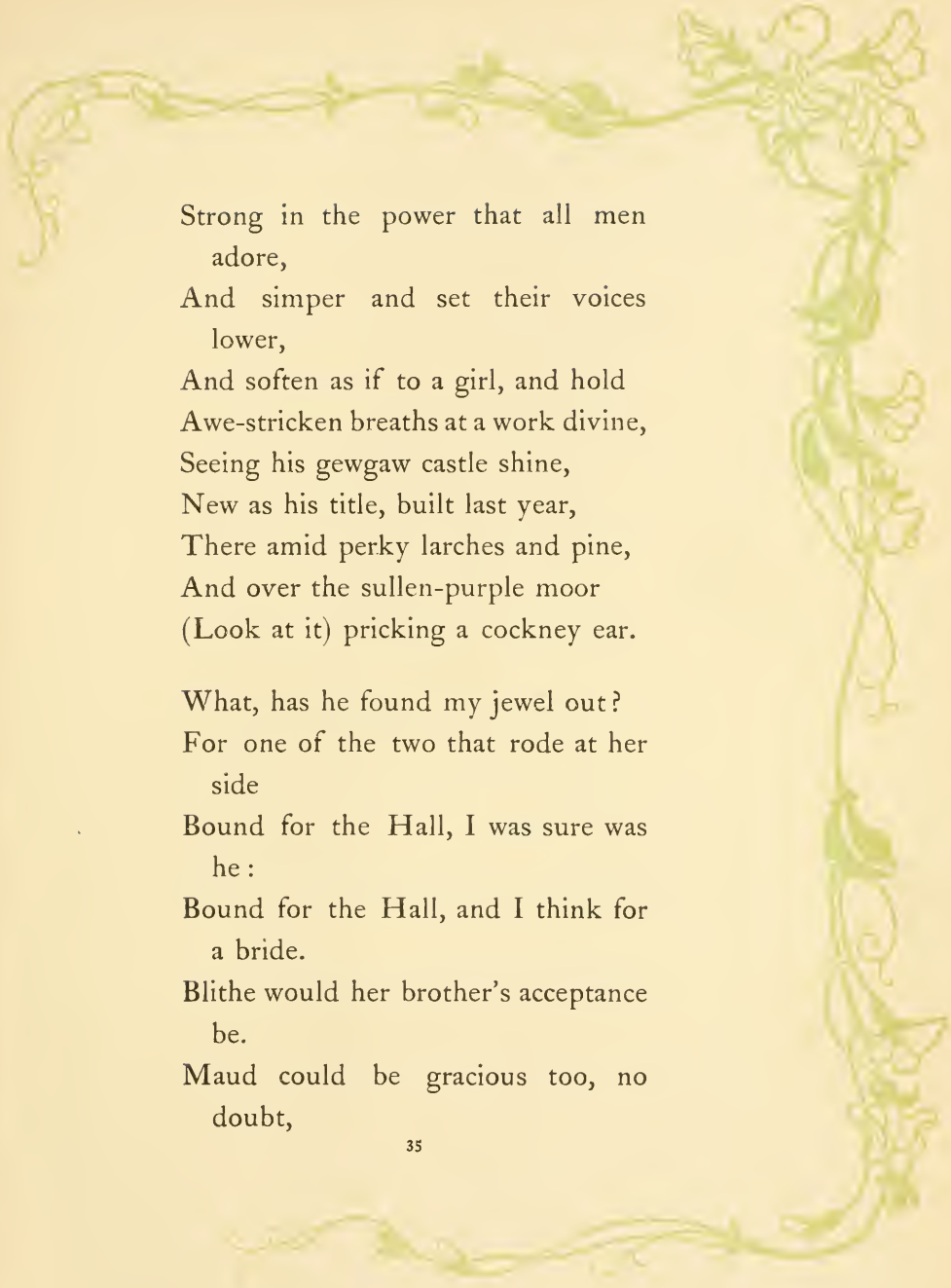
I was walking a mile,
More than a mile from the shore,
The sun look'd out with a smile
Betwixt the cloud and the moor,
And riding at set of day
Over the dark moorland,
Rapidly riding far away,
She waved to me with her hand.
There were two at her side,
Something flash'd in the sun,
Down by the hill I saw them ride,
In a moment they were gone :
Like a sudden spark



Struck vainly in the night,
And back returns the dark
With no more hope of light.

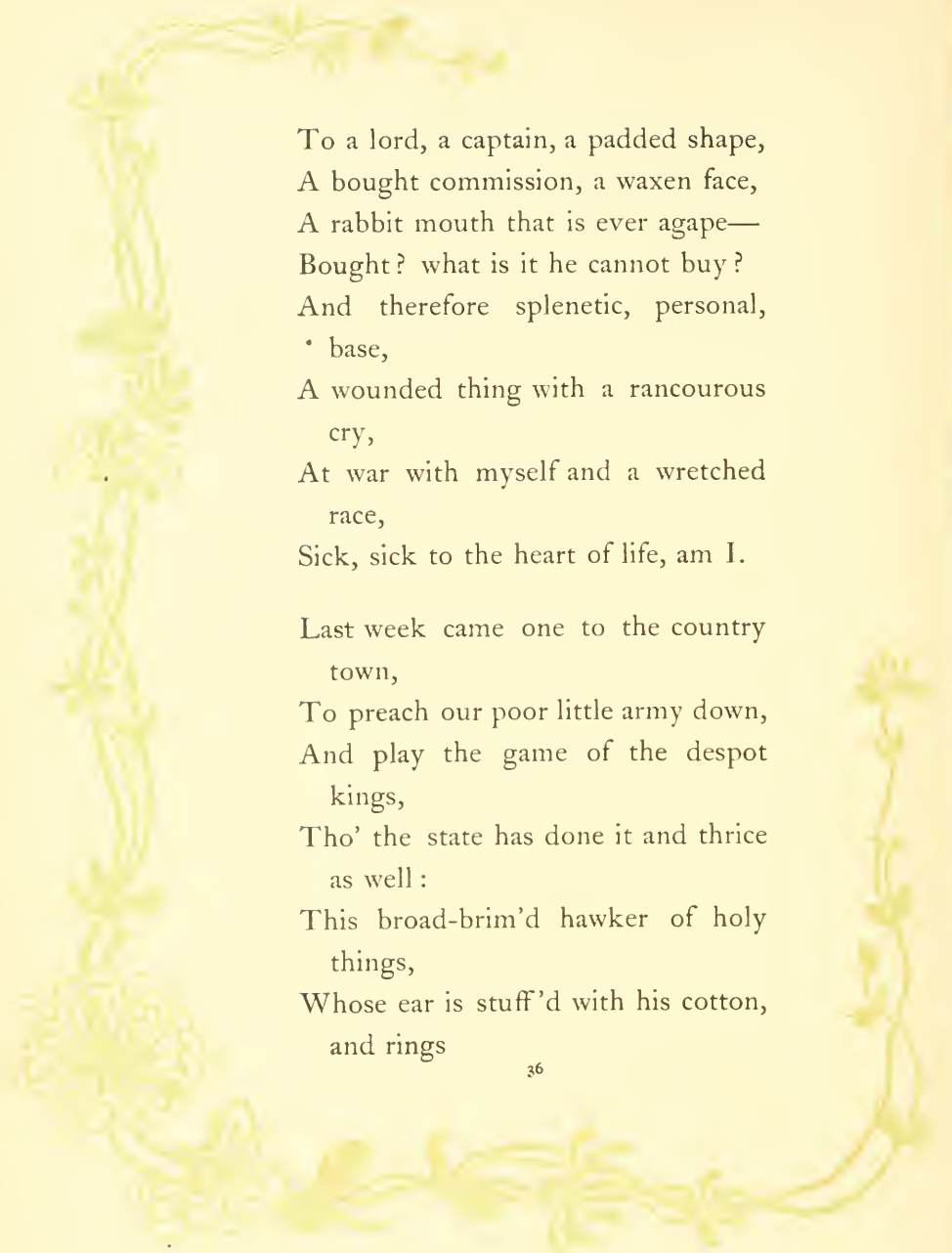


SICK, am I sick of a jealous dread?
Was not one of the two at her side
This new-made lord, whose splendour plucks
The slavish hat from the villager's head?
Whose old grandfather has lately died,
Gone to a blacker pit, for whom
Grimy nakedness dragging his trucks
And laying his trams in a poison'd gloom
Wrought, till he crept from a gutted mine
Master of half a servile shire,
And left his coal all turn'd into gold
To a grandson, first of his noble line,
Rich in the grace all women desire,



Strong in the power that all men
adore,
And simper and set their voices
lower,
And soften as if to a girl, and hold
Awe-stricken breaths at a work divine,
Seeing his gewgaw castle shine,
New as his title, built last year,
There amid perky larches and pine,
And over the sullen-purple moor
(Look at it) pricking a cockney ear.

What, has he found my jewel out?
For one of the two that rode at her
side
Bound for the Hall, I was sure was
he:
Bound for the Hall, and I think for
a bride.
Blithe would her brother's acceptance
be.
Maud could be gracious too, no
doubt,



To a lord, a captain, a padded shape,
A bought commission, a waxen face,
A rabbit mouth that is ever agape—
Bought? what is it he cannot buy?
And therefore splenetic, personal,
• base,
A wounded thing with a rancourous
cry,
At war with myself and a wretched
race,
Sick, sick to the heart of life, am I.

Last week came one to the country
town,
To preach our poor little army down,
And play the game of the despot
kings,
Tho' the state has done it and thrice
as well:
This broad-brim'd hawker of holy
things,
Whose ear is stuff'd with his cotton,
and rings

Even in dreams to the chink of his
pence,

This huckster put down war ! can he
tell

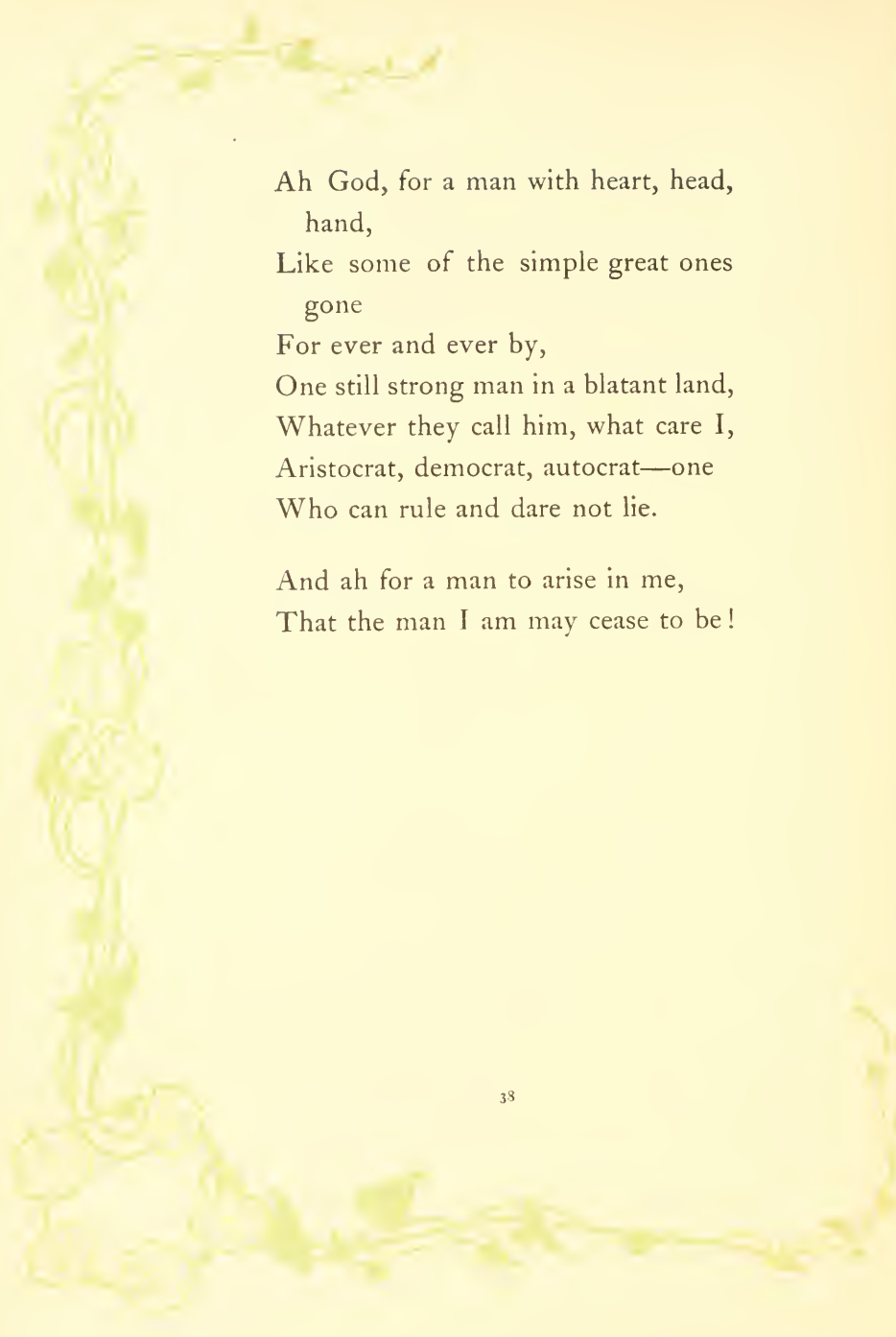
Whether war be a cause or a conse-
quence?

Put down the passions that make
earth Hell !

Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
Jealousy, down ! cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear ;
Down too, down at your own fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind.

I wish I could hear again
The chivalrous battle-song
That she warbled alone in her joy !
I might persuade myself then
She would not do herself this great
wrong

To take a wanton dissolute boy
For a man and a leader of men.



Ah God, for a man with heart, head,
hand,
Like some of the simple great ones
gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

And ah for a man to arise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be!



O LET the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet ;
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me
Before I am quite quite sure
That there is one to love me ;
Then let come what come may
To a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day.



BIRDS in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

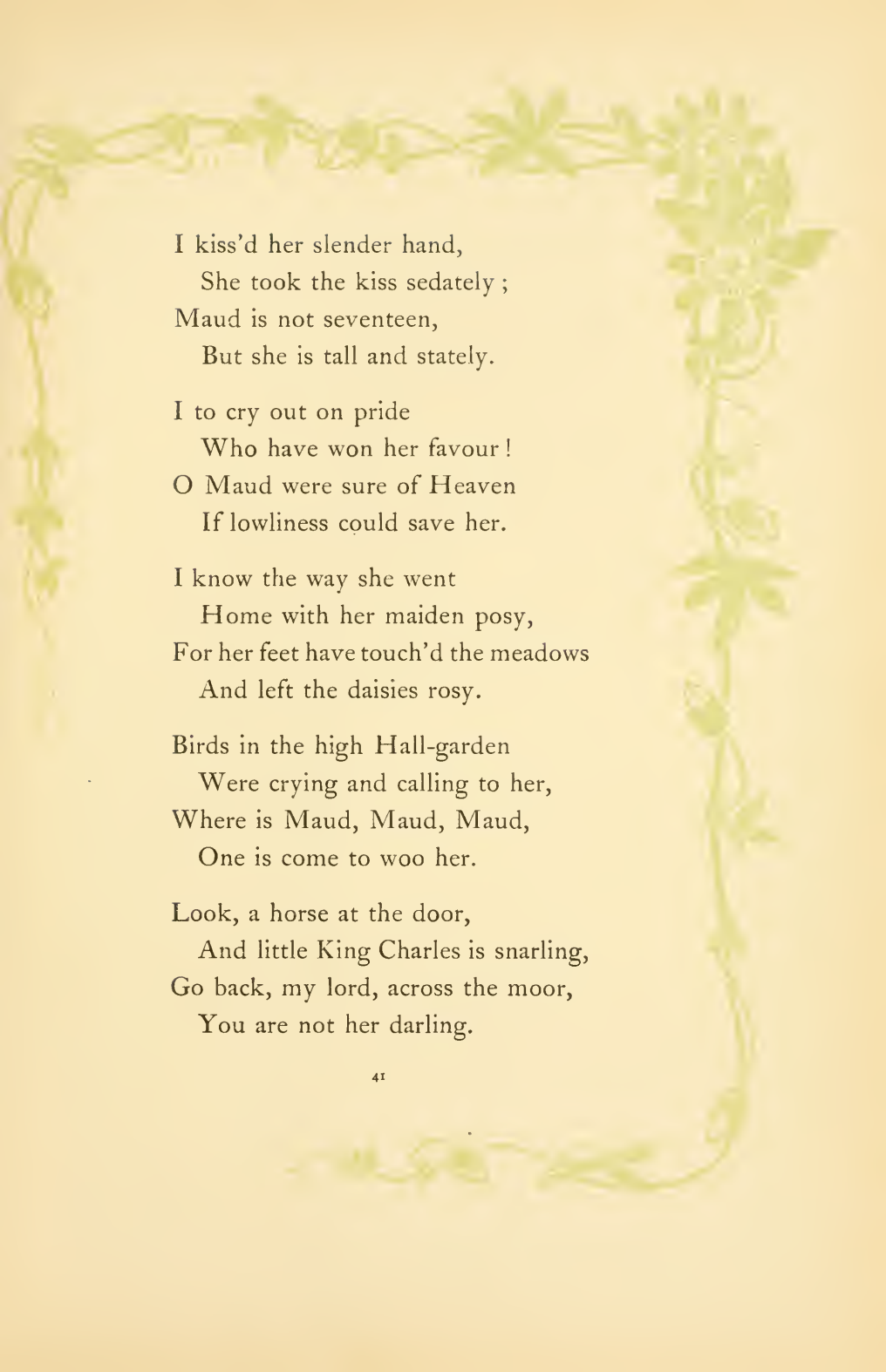
Where was Maud? in our wood;
And I, who else, was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.

Birds in our wood sang
Ringing thro' the vallies,
Maud is here, here, here
In among the lilies.



Gathering woodland lilies.





I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately ;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

I to cry out on pride
Who have won her favour !
O Maud were sure of Heaven
If lowliness could save her.

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

Birds in the high Hall-garden
Were crying and calling to her,
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud,
One is come to woo her.

Look, a horse at the door,
And little King Charles is snarling,
Go back, my lord, across the moor,
You are not her darling.

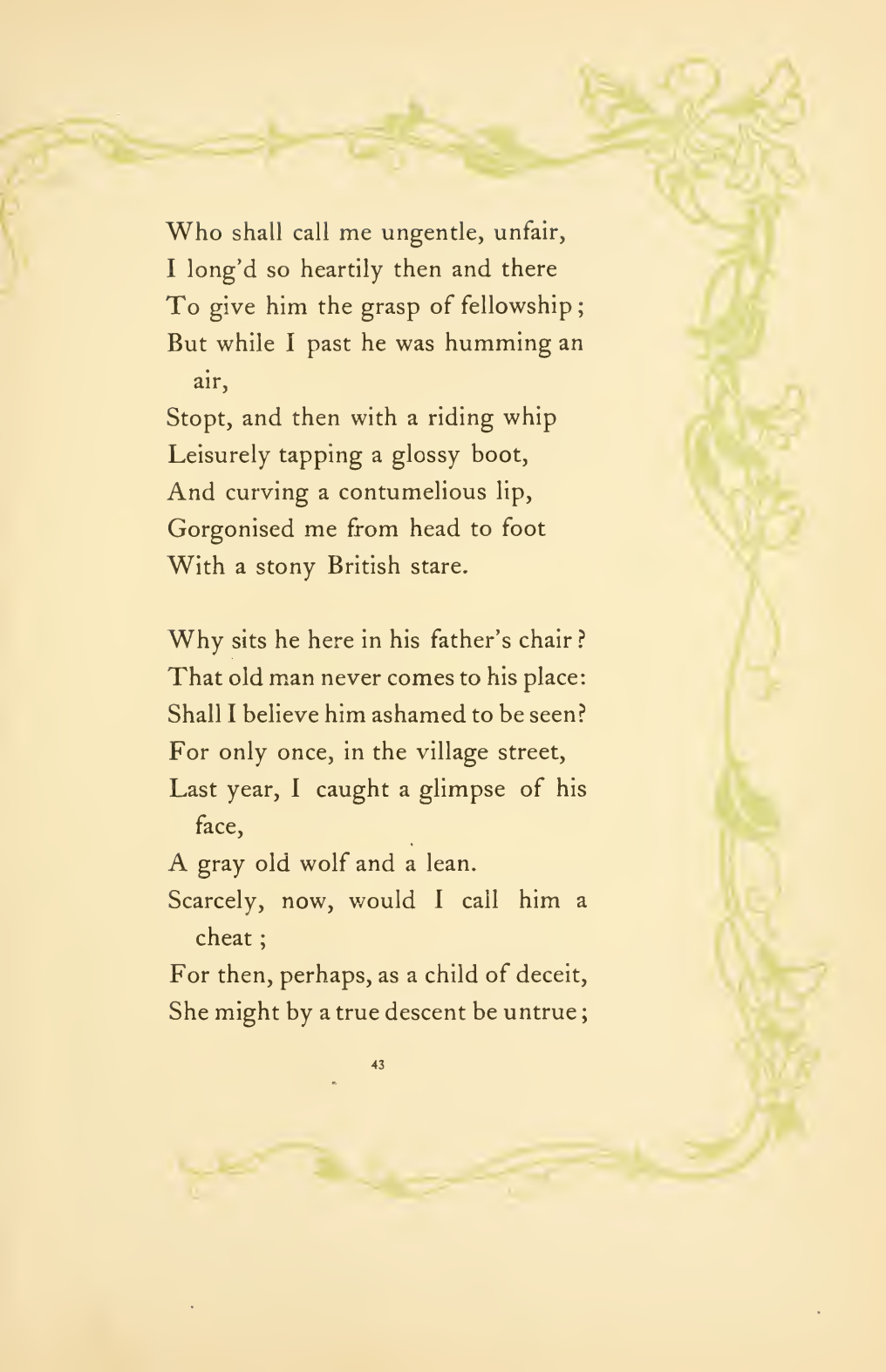


SCORN'D, to be scorn'd by one that I
scorn,

Is that a matter to make me fret?
That a calamity hard to be borne?
Well, he may live to hate me yet.
Fool that I am to be vext with his
pride!

I past him, I was crossing his lands;
He stood on the path a little aside;
His face, as I grant, in spite of spite,
Has a broad-blown comeliness, red
and white,

And six feet two, as I think, he stands;
But his essences turn'd the live air sick,
And barbarous opulence jewel-thick
Sunn'd itself on his breast and his
hands.



Who shall call me ungentle, unfair,
I long'd so heartily then and there
To give him the grasp of fellowship ;
But while I past he was humming an
air,

Stopt, and then with a riding whip
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,
And curving a contumelious lip,
Gorgonised me from head to foot
With a stony British stare.

Why sits he here in his father's chair ?
That old man never comes to his place:
Shall I believe him ashamed to be seen?
For only once, in the village street,
Last year, I caught a glimpse of his
face,

A gray old wolf and a lean.
Scarcely, now, would I call him a
cheat ;
For then, perhaps, as a child of deceit,
She might by a true descent be untrue ;





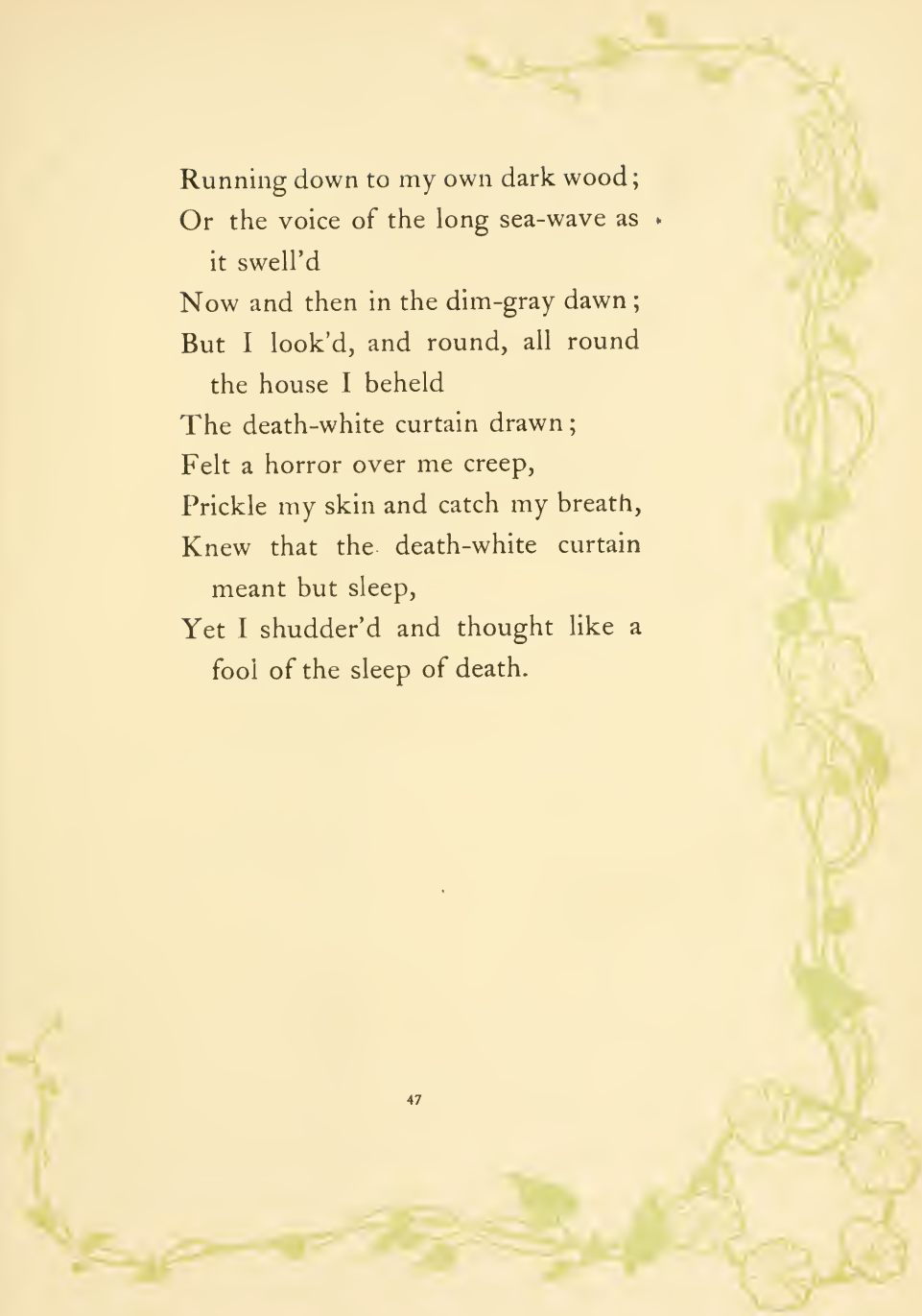
MAUD has a garden of roses
And lilies fair on a lawn ;
There she walks in her state
And tends upon bed and bower,
And thither I climb'd at dawn
And stood by her garden-gate ;
A lion ramps at the top,
He is claspt by a passion-flower.

Maud's own little oak-room
(Which Maud, like a precious stone
Set in the heart of the carven gloom,
Lights with herself, when alone

She sits by her music and books,
And her brother lingers late
With a roustering company) looks
Upon Maud's own garden-gate :
And I thought as I stood, if a hand,
 as white
As ocean-foam in the moon, were laid
On the hasp of the window, and my
 Delight
Had a sudden desire, like a glorious
 ghost, to glide,
Like a beam of the seventh Heaven,
 down to my side,
There were but a step to be made.

The fancy flatter'd my mind,
And again seem'd overbold ;
Now I thought that she cared for me,
Now I thought she was kind
Only because she was cold.

I heard no sound where I stood
But the rivulet on from the lawn



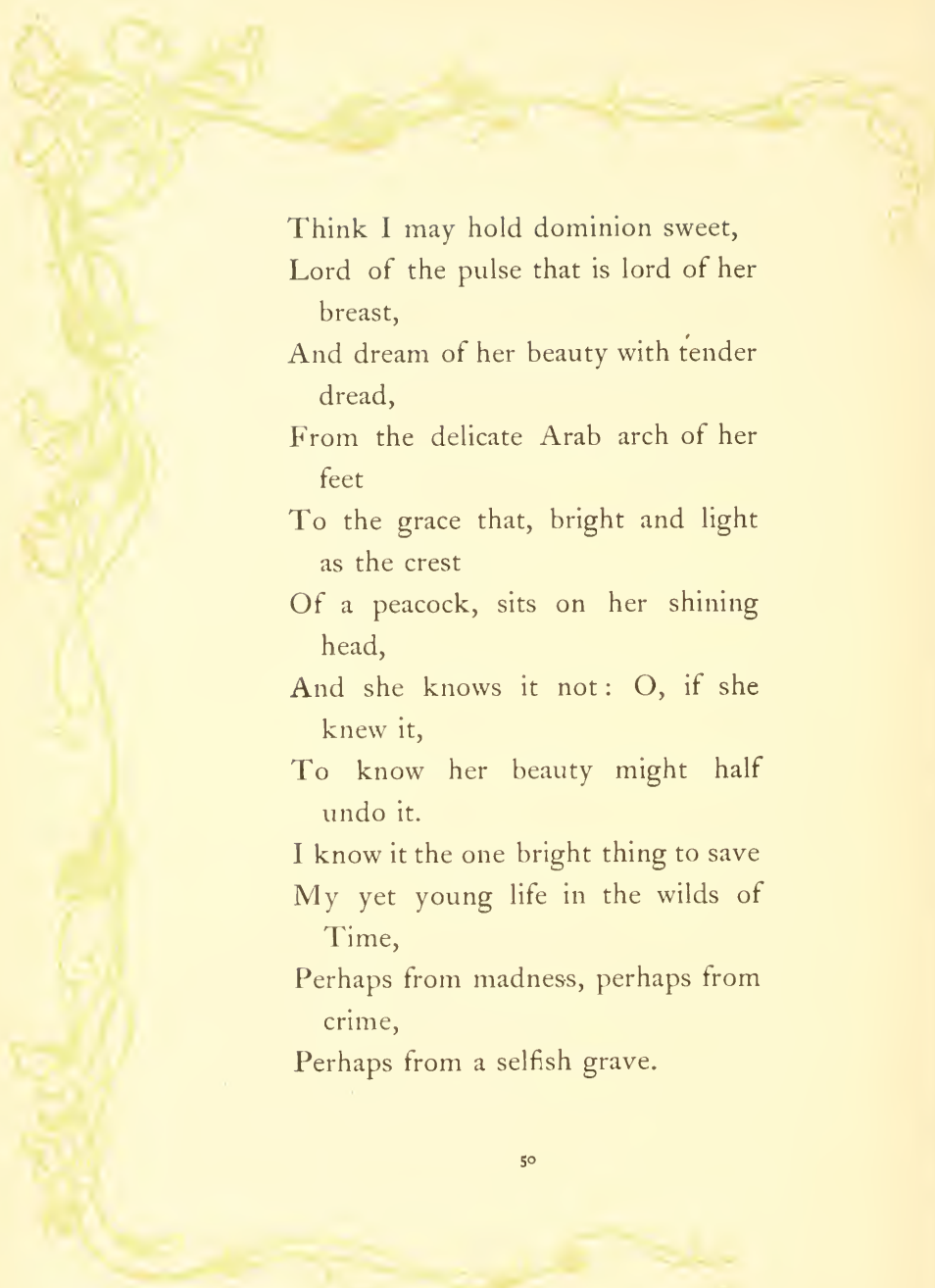
Running down to my own dark wood ;
Or the voice of the long sea-wave as
 it swell'd
Now and then in the dim-gray dawn ;
But I look'd, and round, all round
 the house I beheld
The death-white curtain drawn ;
Felt a horror over me creep,
Prickle my skin and catch my breath,
Knew that the death-white curtain
 meant but sleep,
Yet I shudder'd and thought like a
 fool of the sleep of death.



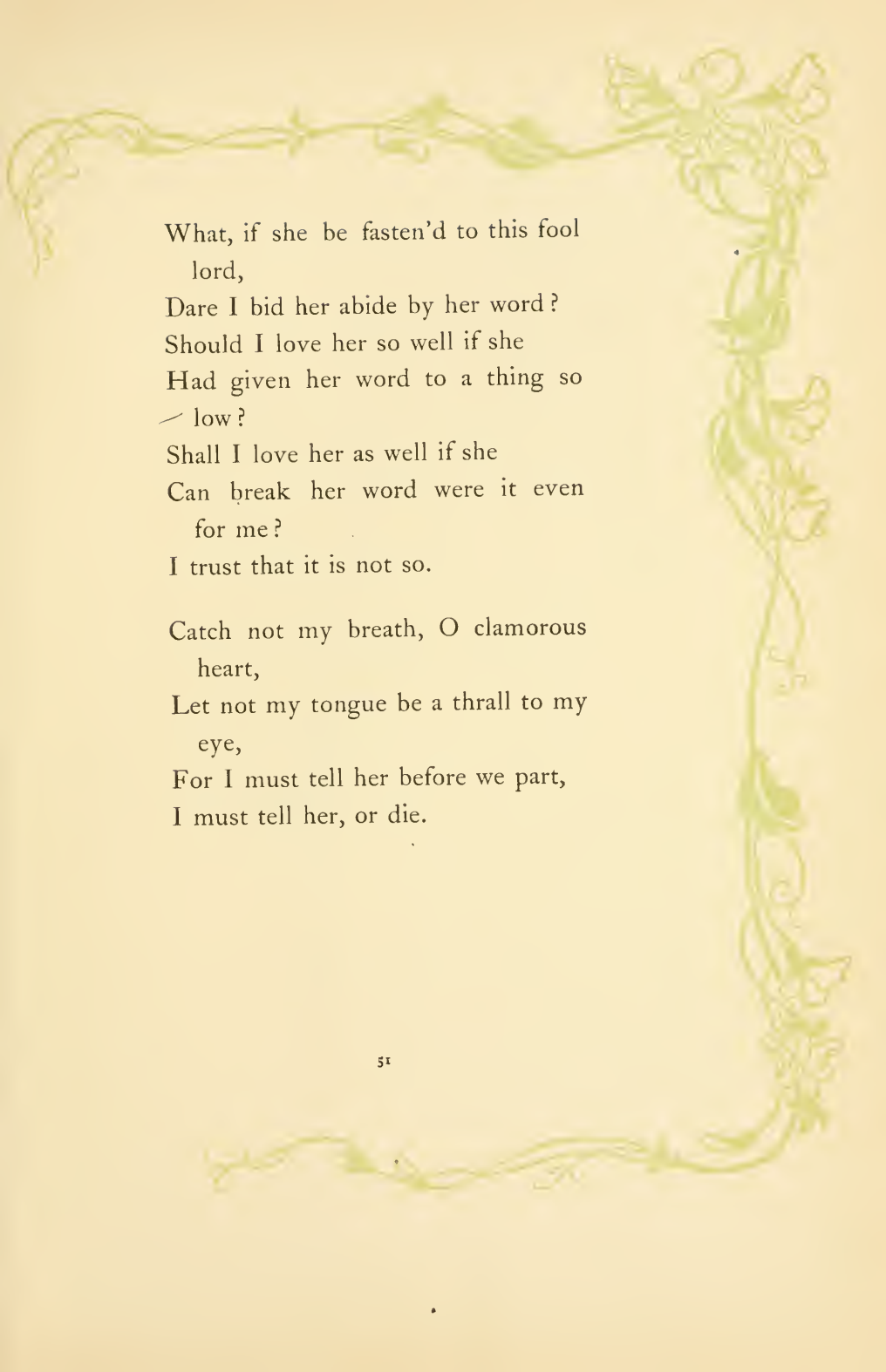
So dark a mind within me dwells,
And I take myself such evil cheer,
That if I be dear to some one else,
Then some one else may have
much to fear ;
But if I be dear to some one else,
Then I should be to myself more
dear.
Shall I not take care of all that I think,
Yea ev'n of wretched meat and drink,
If I be dear,
If I be dear to some one else ?



THIS lump of earth has left his estate
The lighter by the loss of his weight ;
And so that he find what he went to
 seek,
And fulsome Pleasure clog him, and
 drown
His heart in the gross mud-honey of
 town,
He may stay for a year who has
 gone for a week :
But this is the day when I must speak,
And I see my Oread coming down,
O this is the day !
O beautiful creature, what am I
That I dare to look her way ;



Think I may hold dominion sweet,
Lord of the pulse that is lord of her
 breast,
And dream of her beauty with tender
 dread,
From the delicate Arab arch of her
 feet
To the grace that, bright and light
 as the crest
Of a peacock, sits on her shining
 head,
And she knows it not: O, if she
 knew it,
To know her beauty might half
 undo it.
I know it the one bright thing to save
My yet young life in the wilds of
 Time,
Perhaps from madness, perhaps from
 crime,
Perhaps from a selfish grave.

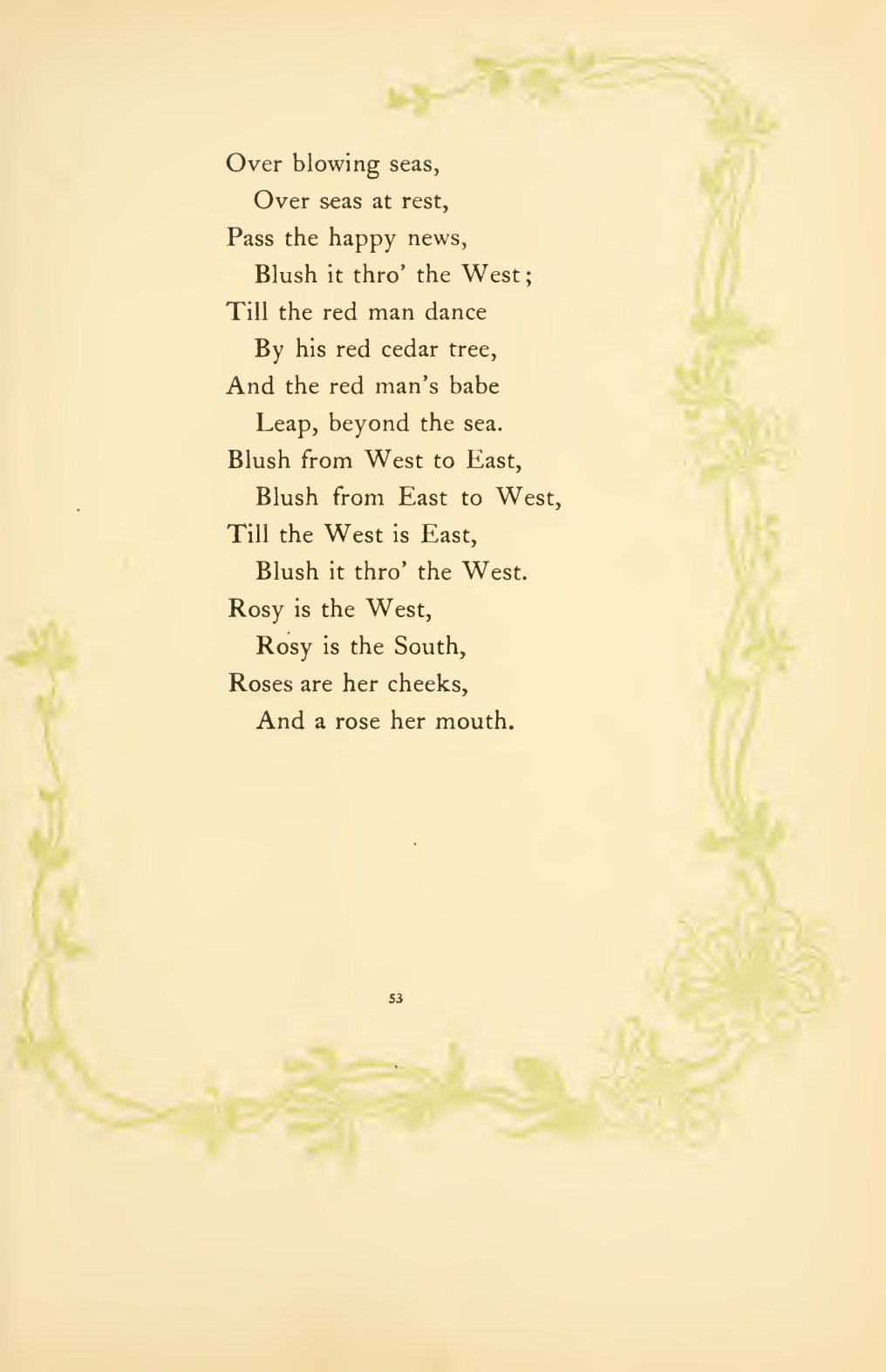


What, if she be fasten'd to this fool
 lord,
Dare I bid her abide by her word?
Should I love her so well if she
Had given her word to a thing so
— low?
Shall I love her as well if she
Can break her word were it even
 for me?
I trust that it is not so.

Catch not my breath, O clamorous
 heart,
Let not my tongue be a thrall to my
 eye,
For I must tell her before we part,
I must tell her, or die.



Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields,
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.
When the happy Yes
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
O'er the blowing ships,



Over blowing seas,
 Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
 Blush it thro' the West;
Till the red man dance
 By his red cedar tree,
And the red man's babe
 Leap, beyond the sea.
Blush from West to East,
 Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,
 Blush it thro' the West.
Rosy is the West,
 Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
 And a rose her mouth.



I HAVE led her home, my love, my
only friend.

There is none like her, none.
And never yet so warmly ran my
blood

And sweetly, on and on
Calming itself to the long-wish'd-for
end,

Full to the banks, close on the
promised good.

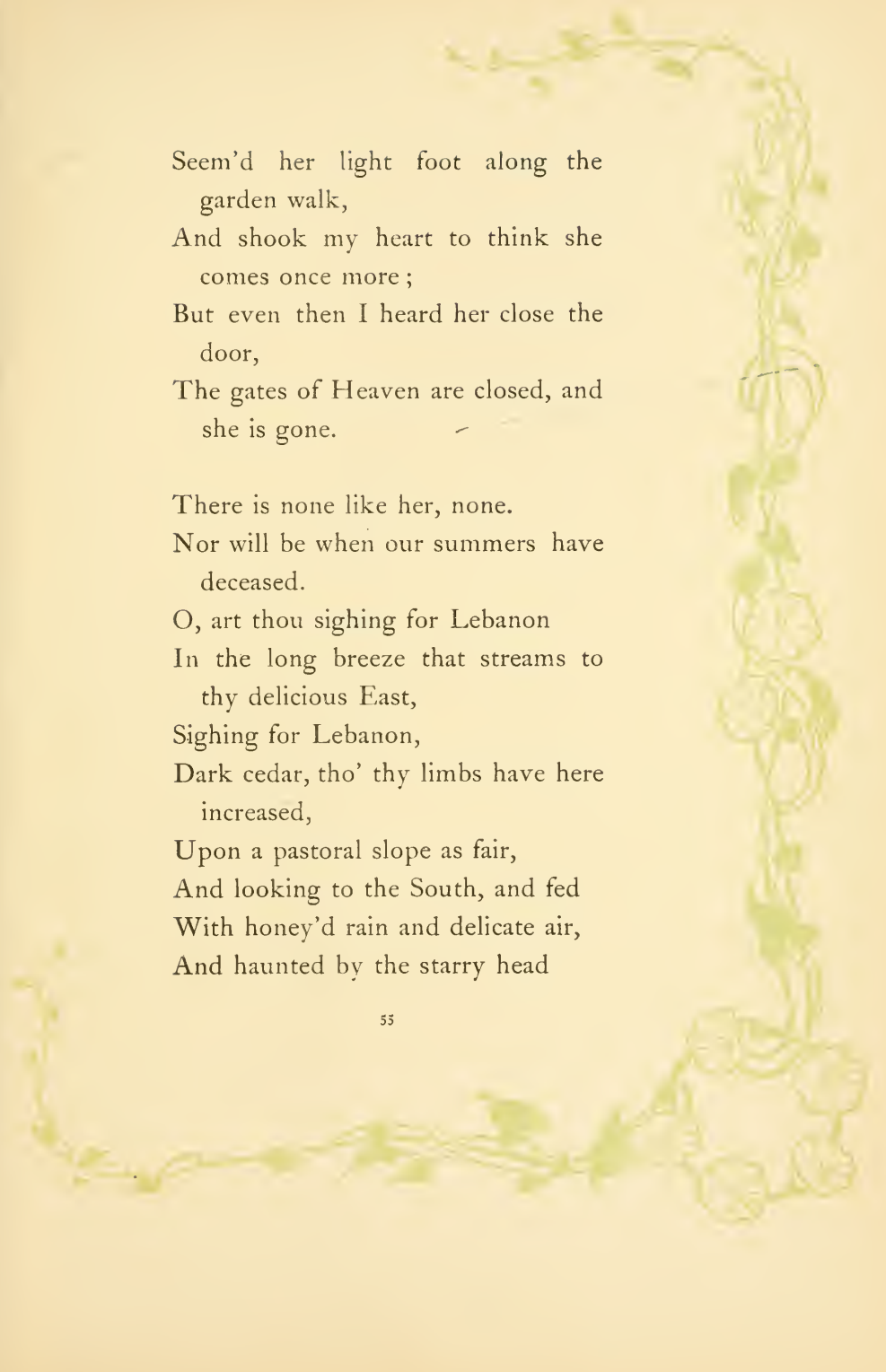
None like her, none.

Just now the dry-tongued laurels'
pattering talk



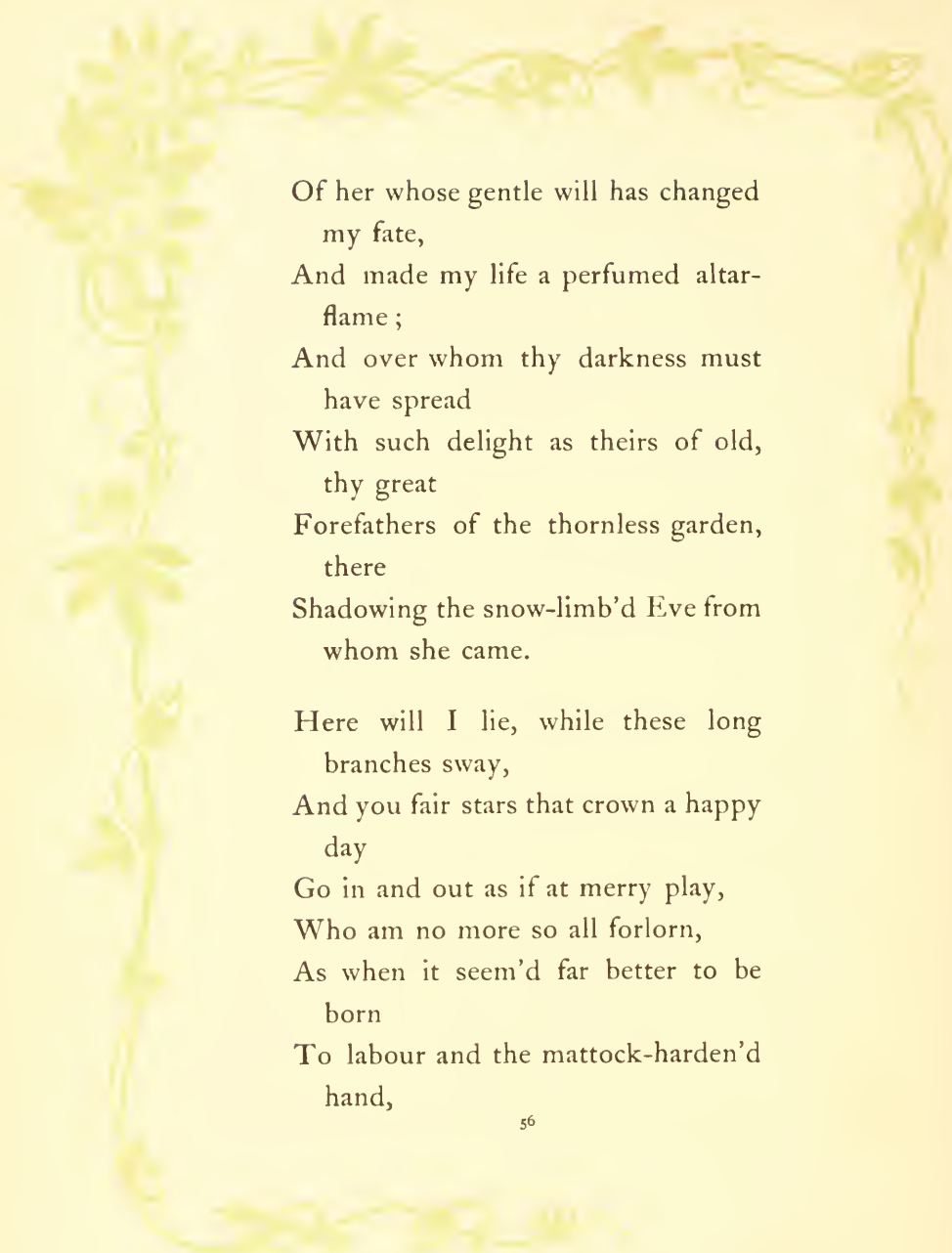
I heard her close the door





Seem'd her light foot along the
garden walk,
And shook my heart to think she
comes once more ;
But even then I heard her close the
door,
The gates of Heaven are closed, and
she is gone.

There is none like her, none.
Nor will be when our summers have
deceased.
O, art thou sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to
thy delicious East,
Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here
increased,
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
And looking to the South, and fed
With honey'd rain and delicate air,
And haunted by the starry head



Of her whose gentle will has changed
my fate,
And made my life a perfumed altar-
flame ;
And over whom thy darkness must
have spread
With such delight as theirs of old,
thy great
Forefathers of the thornless garden,
there
Shadowing the snow-limb'd Eve from
whom she came.

Here will I lie, while these long
branches sway,
And you fair stars that crown a happy
day
Go in and out as if at merry play,
Who am no more so all forlorn,
As when it seem'd far better to be
born
To labour and the mattock-harden'd
hand,

Than nursed at ease and brought to
understand

A sad astrology, the boundless plan
That makes you tyrants in your iron
skies,

Innumerable, pitiless, passionless
eyes,

Cold fires, yet with power to burn
and brand

His nothingness into man.

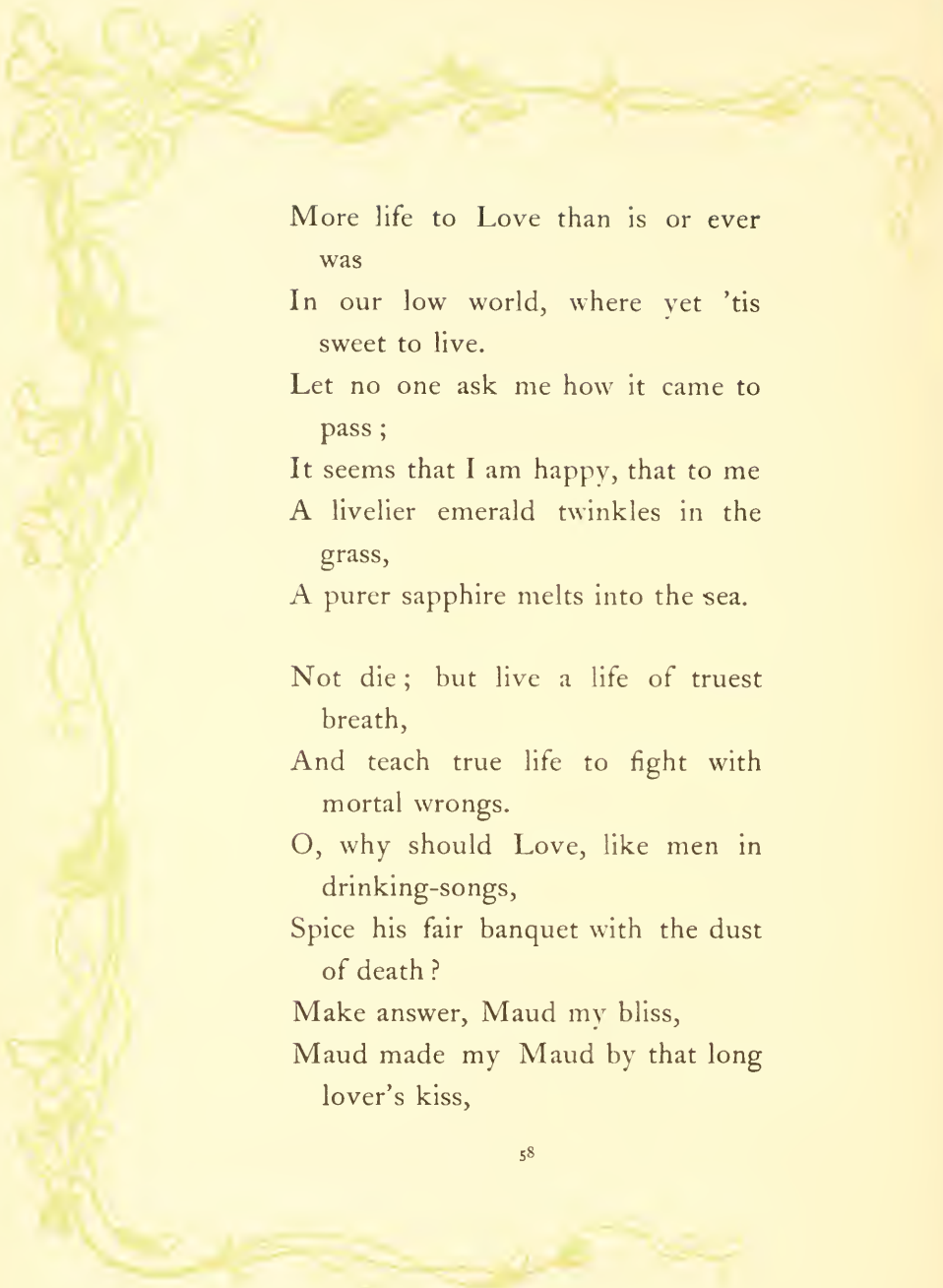
But now shine on, and what care I,
Who in this stormy gulf have found
a pearl

The countercharm of space and hol-
low sky,

And do accept my madness, and
would die

To save from some slight shame one
simple girl.

Would die ; for sullen-seeming Death
may give



More life to Love than is or ever
was

In our low world, where yet 'tis
sweet to live.

Let no one ask me how it came to
pass ;

It seems that I am happy, that to me
A livelier emerald twinkles in the
grass,

A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

Not die ; but live a life of truest
breath,

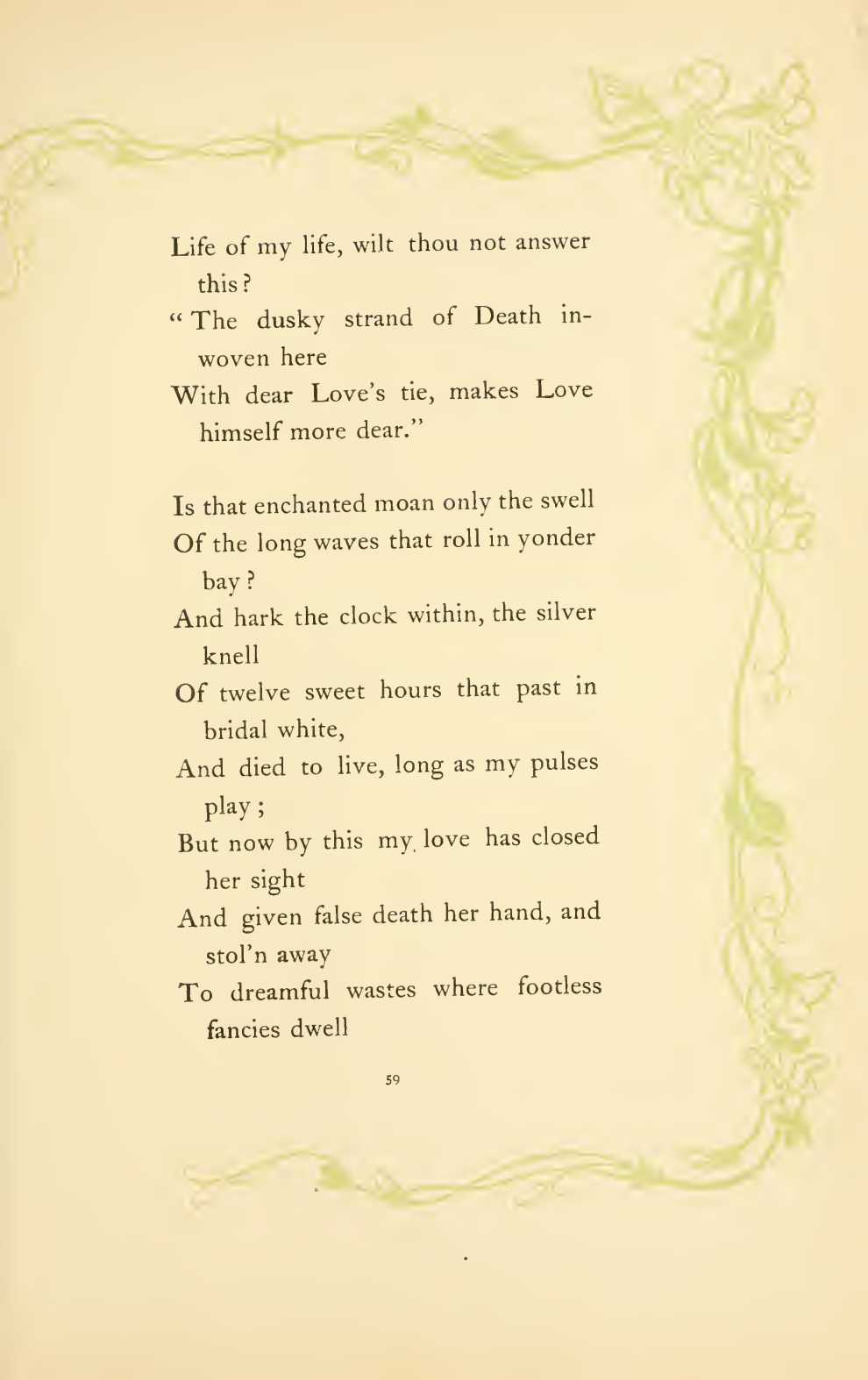
And teach true life to fight with
mortal wrongs.

O, why should Love, like men in
drinking-songs,

Spice his fair banquet with the dust
of death ?

Make answer, Maud my bliss,

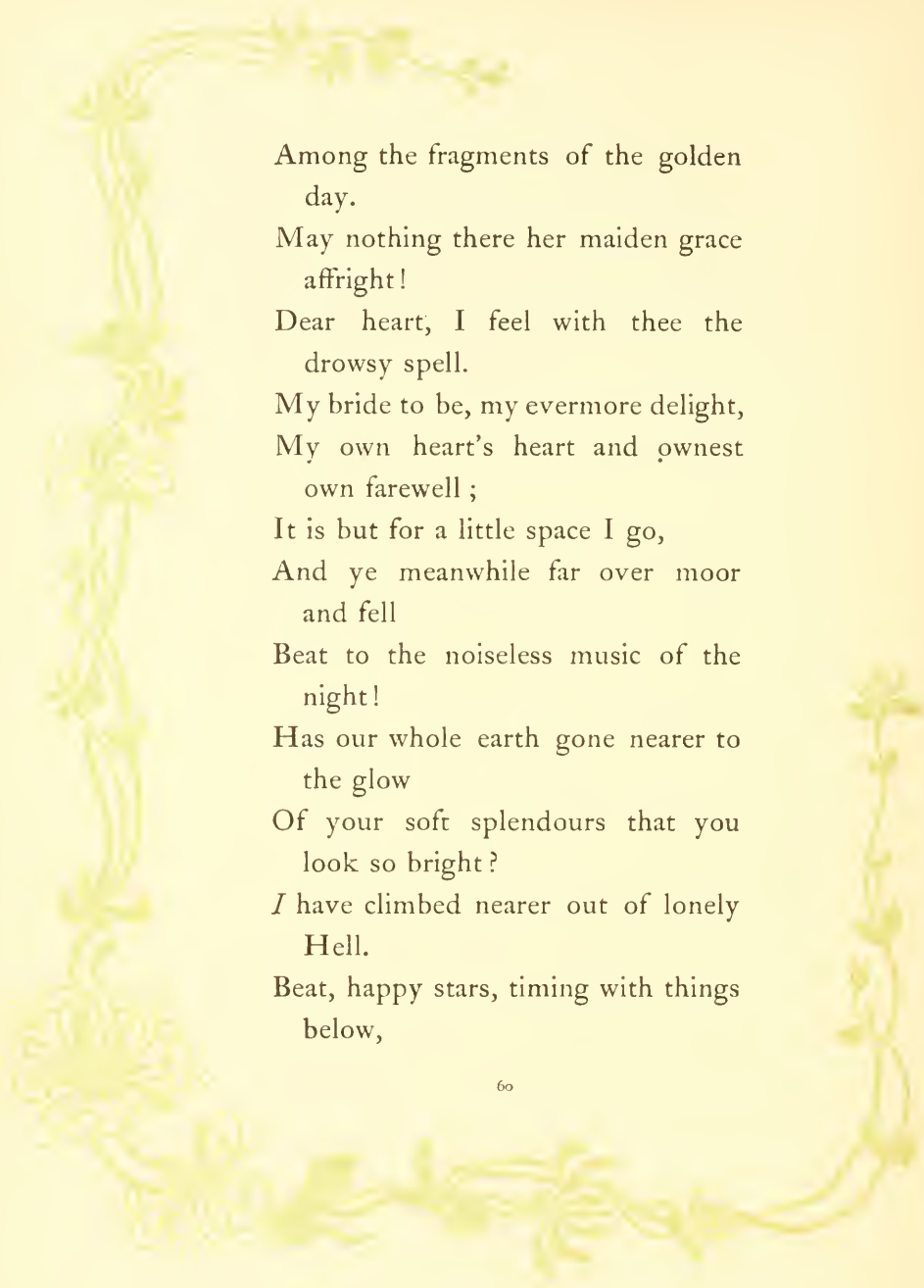
Maud made my Maud by that long
lover's kiss,



Life of my life, wilt thou not answer
this?

“The dusky strand of Death in-
woven here
With dear Love’s tie, makes Love
himself more dear.”

Is that enchanted moan only the swell
Of the long waves that roll in yonder
bay?
And hark the clock within, the silver
knell
Of twelve sweet hours that past in
bridal white,
And died to live, long as my pulses
play;
But now by this my love has closed
her sight
And given false death her hand, and
stol’n away
To dreamful wastes where footless
fancies dwell



Among the fragments of the golden
day.

May nothing there her maiden grace
affright!

Dear heart, I feel with thee the
drowsy spell.

My bride to be, my evermore delight,
My own heart's heart and ownest
own farewell ;

It is but for a little space I go,
And ye meanwhile far over moor
and fell

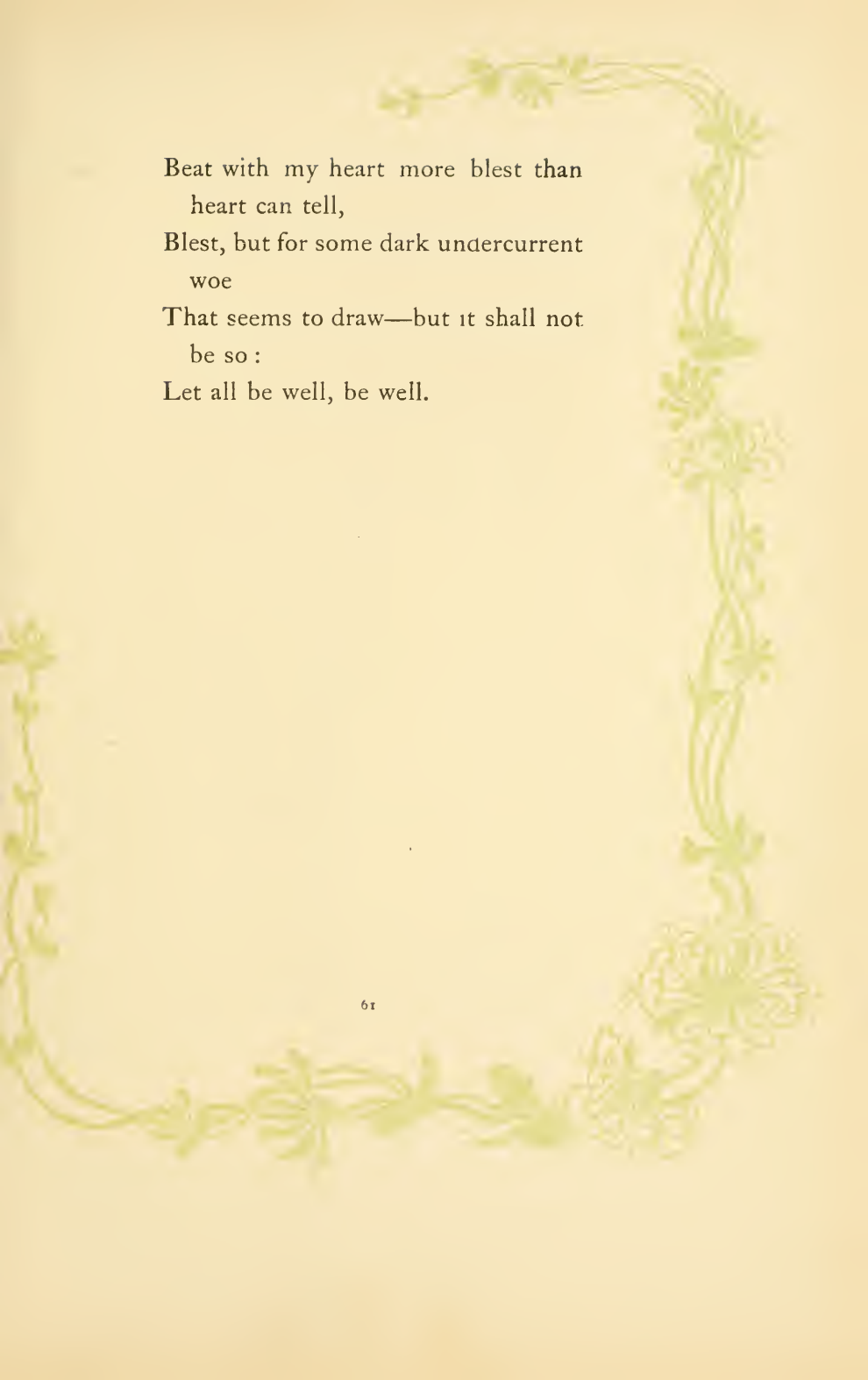
Beat to the noiseless music of the
night!

Has our whole earth gone nearer to
the glow

Of your soft splendours that you
look so bright ?

I have climbed nearer out of lonely
Hell.

Beat, happy stars, timing with things
below,



Beat with my heart more blest than
heart can tell,
Blest, but for some dark undercurrent
woe
That seems to draw—but it shall not
be so :
Let all be well, be well.



HER brother is coming back to-night,
Breaking up my dream of delight.

My dream? do I dream of bliss?
I have walk'd awake with Truth.
O when did a morning shine
So rich in atonement as this
For my dark-dawning youth,
Darken'd watching a mother decline
And that dead man at her heart and
mine:

For who was left to watch her but I?
Yet so did I let my freshness die.

I trust that I did not talk
To gentle Maud in our walk

(For often in lonely wanderings
I have cursed him even to lifeless
things),

But I trust that I did not talk,
Not touch on her father's sin :
I am sure I did but speak
Of my mother's faded cheek
When it slowly grew so thin,
That I felt she was slowly dying
Vext with lawyers and harass'd with
debt :

For how often I caught her with eyes
all wet,
Shaking her head at her son and
sighing
A world of trouble within !

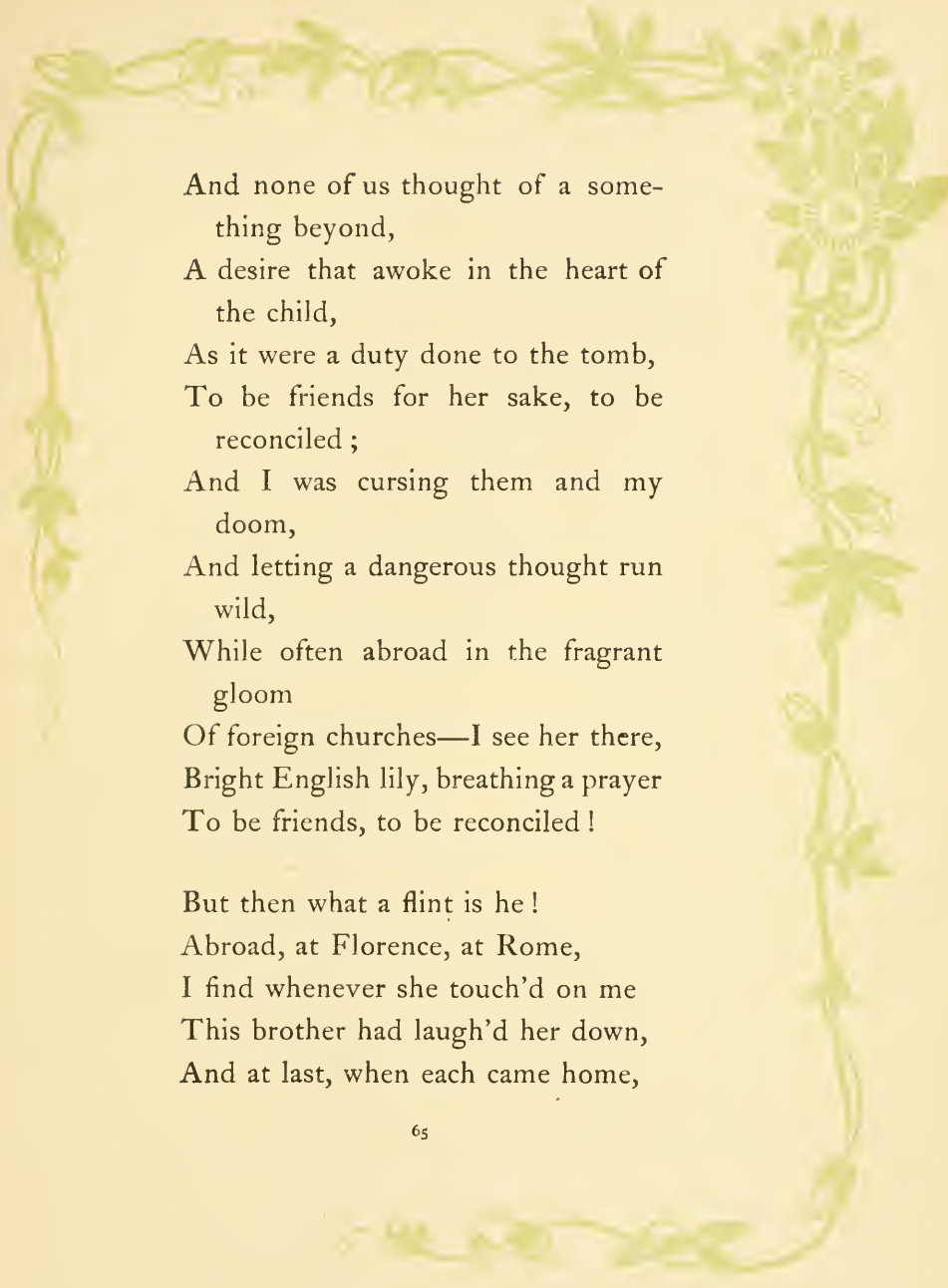
And Maud too, Maud was moved
To speak of the mother she loved
As one scarce less forlorn,
Dying abroad and it seems apart
From him who had ceased to share
her heart,

And ever mourning over the feud,
The household Fury sprinkled with
blood

By which our houses are torn :
How strange was what she said,
When only Maud and the brother
Hung over her dying bed—
That Maud's dark father and mine
Had bound us one to the other,
Betrothed us over their wine,
On the day when Maud was born ;
Seal'd her mine from her first sweet
breath.

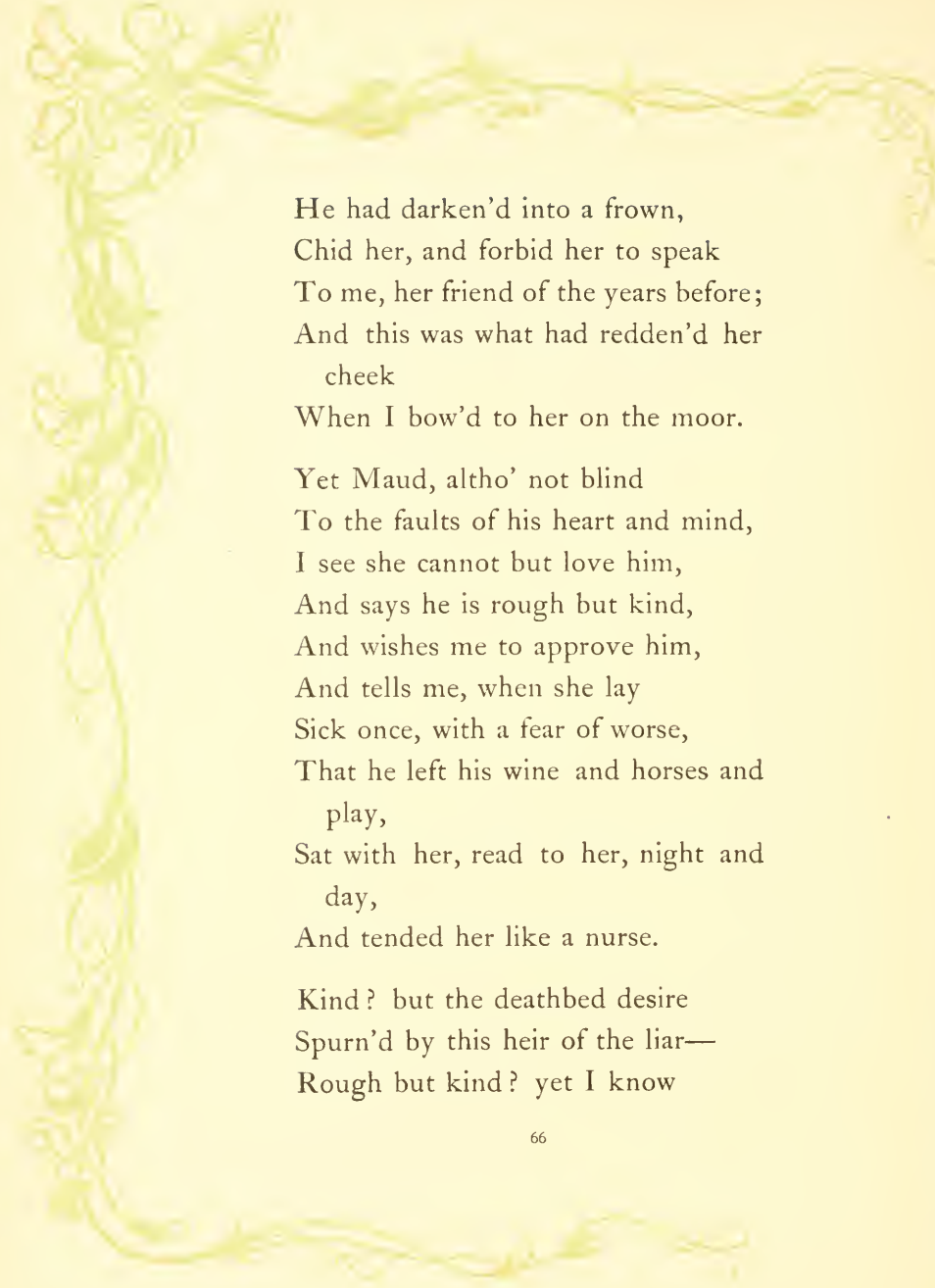
Mine, mine by a right, from birth
till death,
Mine, mine—our fathers have sworn.

But the true blood spilt had in it a
heat
To dissolve the precious seal on a
bond,
That, if left uncancell'd, had been so
sweet :



And none of us thought of a some-
thing beyond,
A desire that awoke in the heart of
the child,
As it were a duty done to the tomb,
To be friends for her sake, to be
reconciled ;
And I was cursing them and my
doom,
And letting a dangerous thought run
wild,
While often abroad in the fragrant
gloom
Of foreign churches—I see her there,
Bright English lily, breathing a prayer
To be friends, to be reconciled !

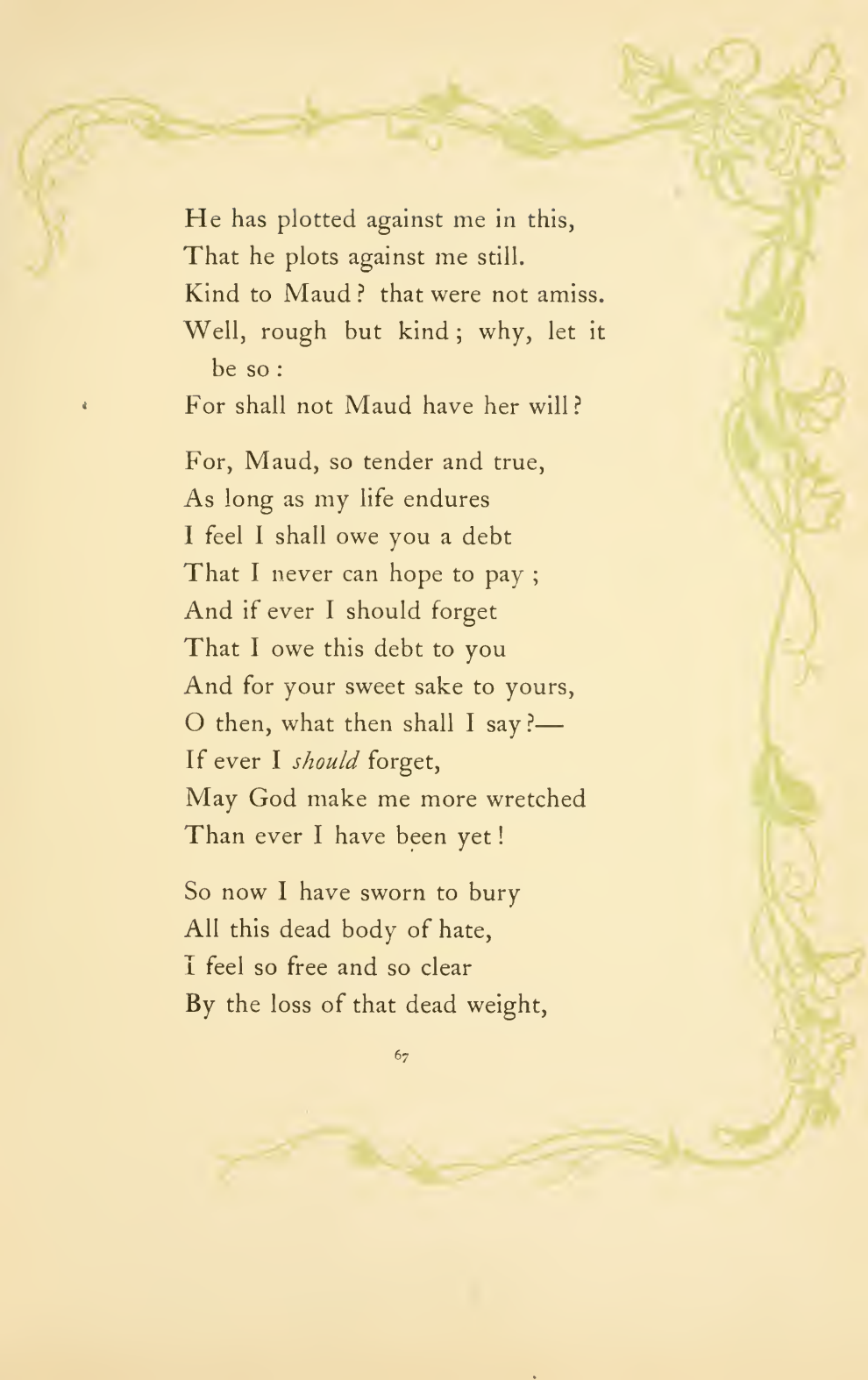
But then what a flint is he !
Abroad, at Florence, at Rome,
I find whenever she touch'd on me
This brother had laugh'd her down,
And at last, when each came home,



He had darken'd into a frown,
Chid her, and forbid her to speak
To me, her friend of the years before;
And this was what had redden'd her
 check
When I bow'd to her on the moor.

Yet Maud, altho' not blind
To the faults of his heart and mind,
I see she cannot but love him,
And says he is rough but kind,
And wishes me to approve him,
And tells me, when she lay
Sick once, with a fear of worse,
That he left his wine and horses and
 play,
Sat with her, read to her, night and
 day,
And tended her like a nurse.

Kind? but the deathbed desire
Spurn'd by this heir of the liar—
Rough but kind? yet I know

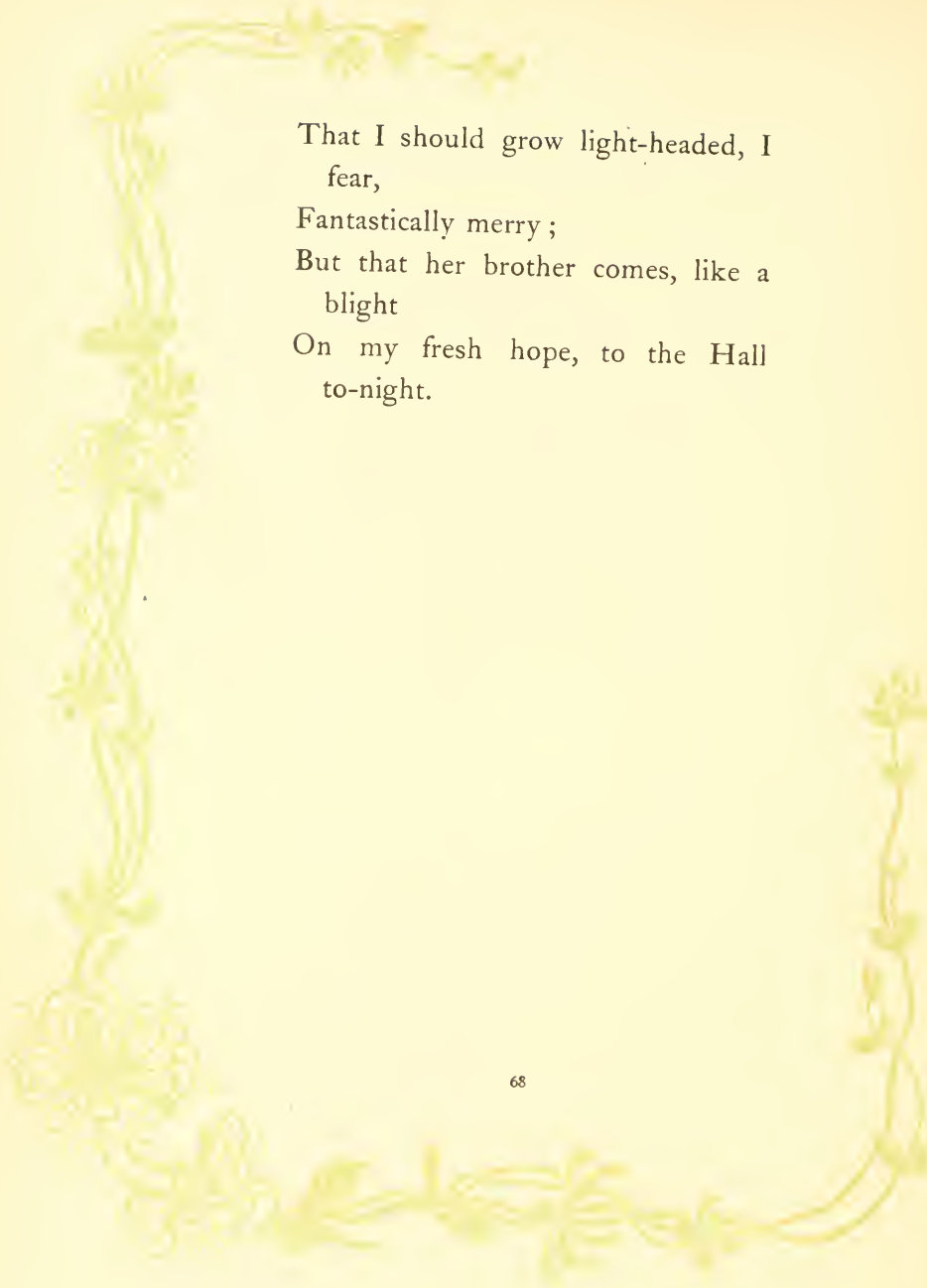
A decorative border of light green floral and vine motifs frames the text on the right and top edges of the page.

He has plotted against me in this,
That he plots against me still.
Kind to Maud? that were not amiss.
Well, rough but kind; why, let it
be so :

For shall not Maud have her will?

For, Maud, so tender and true,
As long as my life endures
I feel I shall owe you a debt
That I never can hope to pay ;
And if ever I should forget
That I owe this debt to you
And for your sweet sake to yours,
O then, what then shall I say?—
If ever I *should* forget,
May God make me more wretched
Than ever I have been yet !

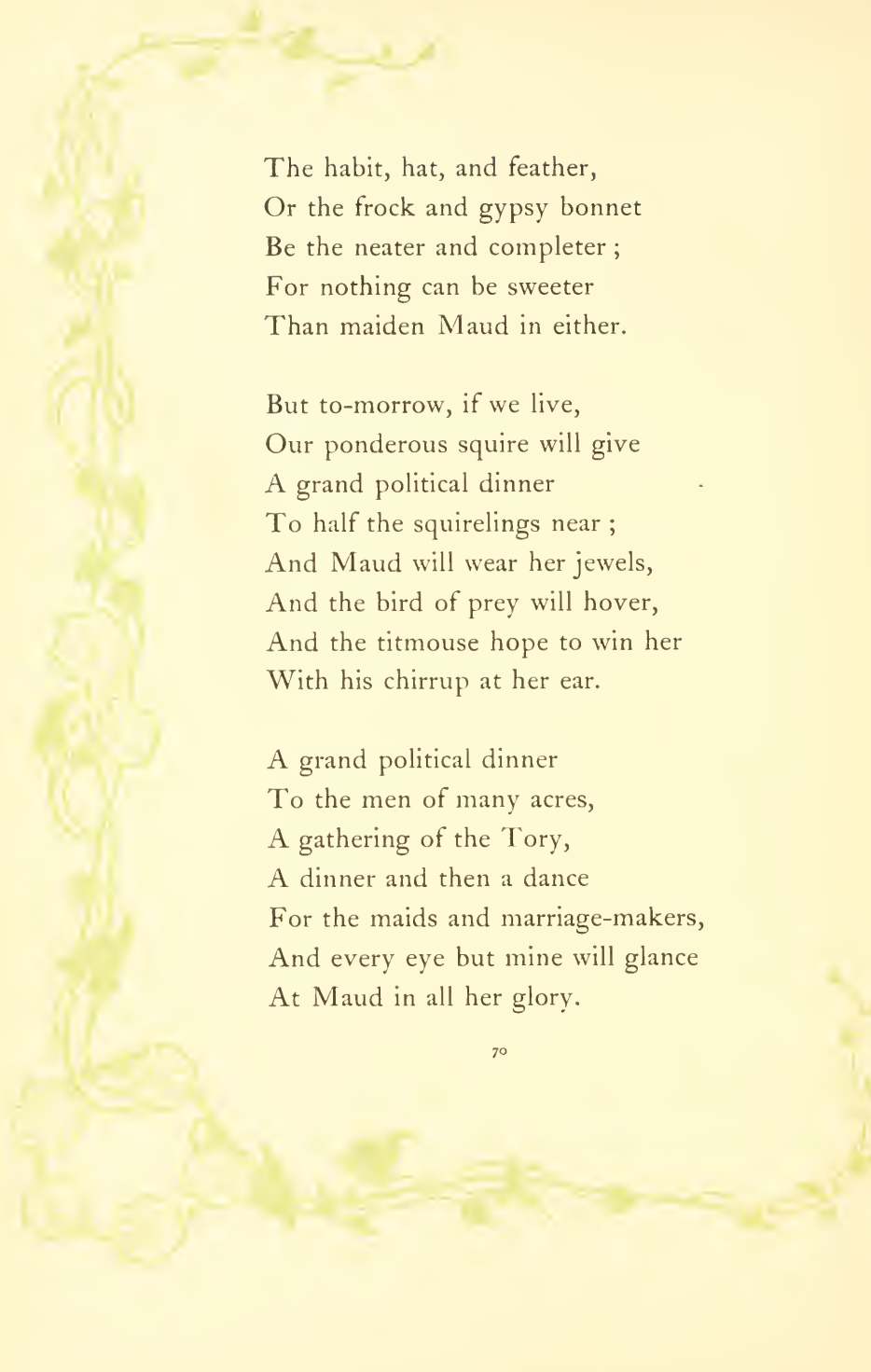
So now I have sworn to bury
All this dead body of hate,
I feel so free and so clear
By the loss of that dead weight,



That I should grow light-headed, I
fear,
Fantastically merry ;
But that her brother comes, like a
blight
On my fresh hope, to the Hall
to-night.



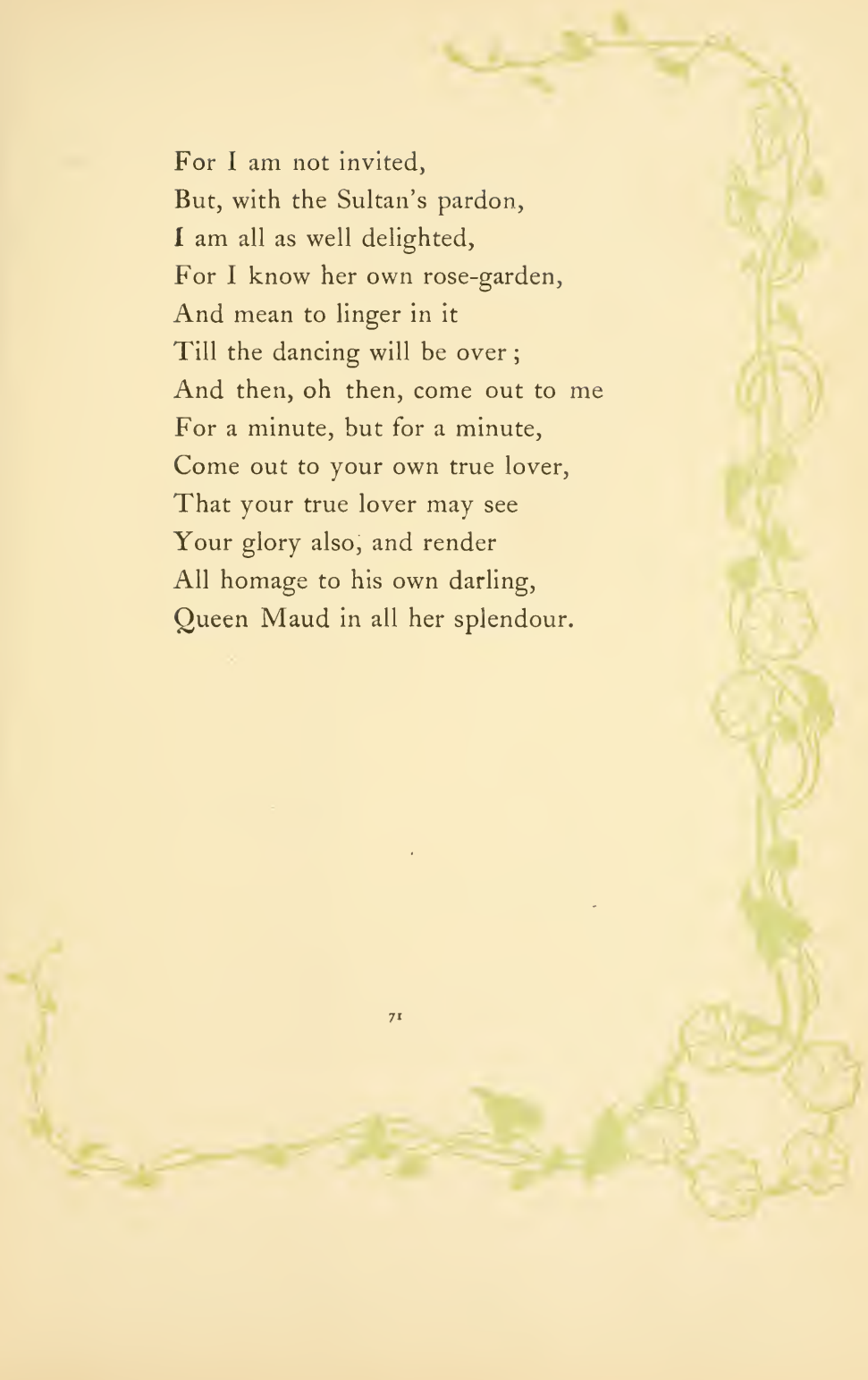
STRANGE, that I felt so gay,
Strange, that I tried to-day
To beguile her melancholy ;
The Sultan, as we name him,—
She did not wish to blame him—
But he vext her and perplext her
With his worldly talk and folly :
Was it gentle to reprove her
For stealing out of view
From a little lazy lover
Who but claims her as his due ?
Or for chilling his caresses
By the coldness of her manners,
Nay, the plainness of her dresses ?
Now I know her but in two,
Nor can pronounce upon it
If one should ask me whether



The habit, hat, and feather,
Or the frock and gypsy bonnet
Be the neater and completer ;
For nothing can be sweeter
Than maiden Maud in either.

But to-morrow, if we live,
Our ponderous squire will give
A grand political dinner
To half the squirelings near ;
And Maud will wear her jewels,
And the bird of prey will hover,
And the titmouse hope to win her
With his chirrup at her ear.

A grand political dinner
To the men of many acres,
A gathering of the Tory,
A dinner and then a dance
For the maids and marriage-makers,
And every eye but mine will glance
At Maud in all her glory.



For I am not invited,
But, with the Sultan's pardon,
I am all as well delighted,
For I know her own rose-garden,
And mean to linger in it
Till the dancing will be over ;
And then, oh then, come out to me
For a minute, but for a minute,
Come out to your own true lover,
That your true lover may see
Your glory also, and render
All homage to his own darling,
Queen Maud in all her splendour.



RIVULET crossing my ground,
And bringing me down from the Hall
This garden-rose that I found,
Forgetful of Maud and me,
And lost in trouble and moving round
Here at the head of a tinkling fall,
And trying to pass to the sea ;
O Rivulet, born at the Hall,
My Maud has sent it by thee
(If I read her sweet will right)
On a blushing mission to me,
Saying in odour and colour, " Ah, be
Among the roses to-night."



Come into the garden, Maud.





COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone ;
And the woodbine spices are wafted
abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

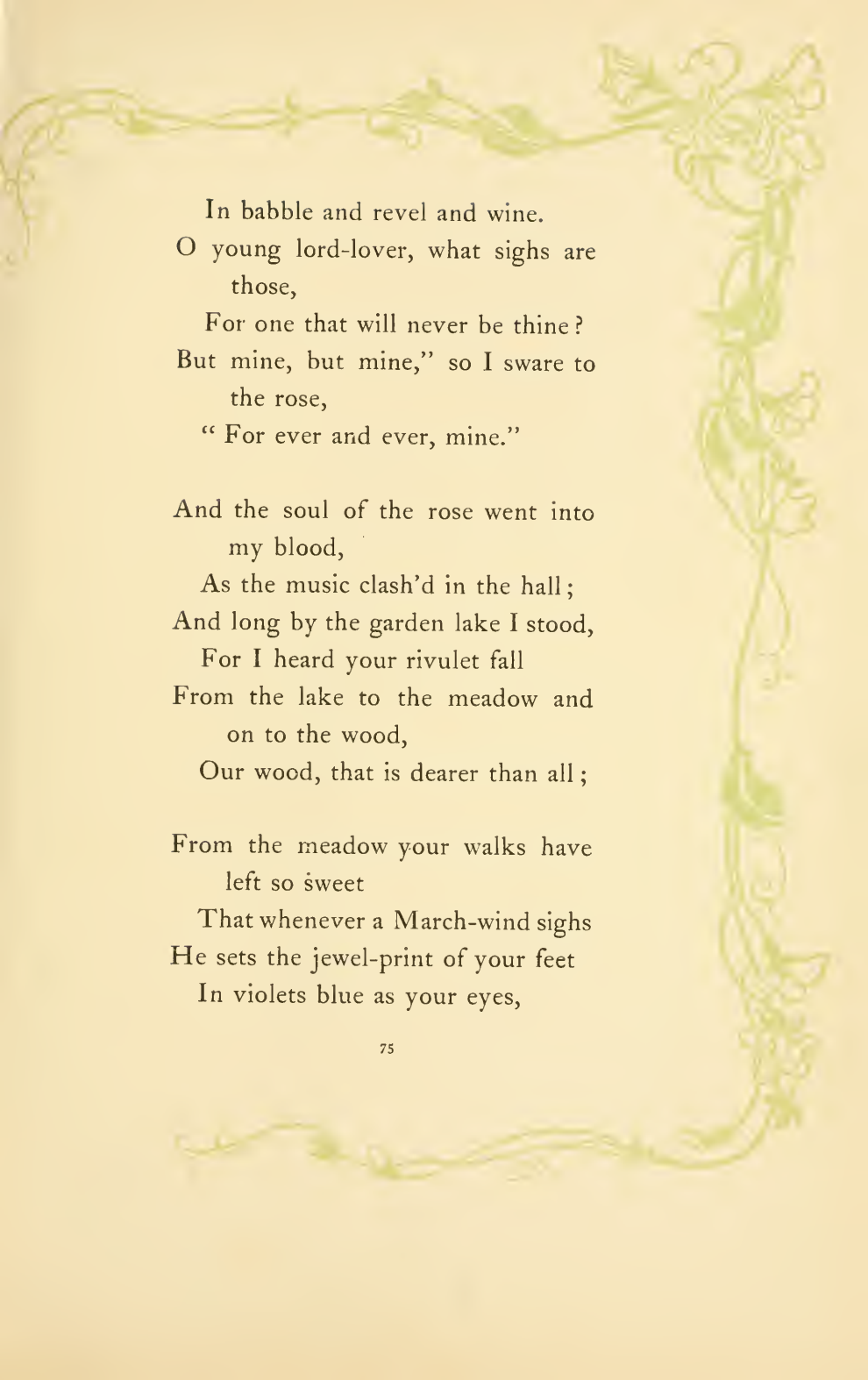
For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that
she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,

To faint in the light of the sun she
loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon ;
All night has the casement jessamine
stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune ;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, " There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day ;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, " The brief night
goes



In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are
those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I swear to
the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into
my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and
on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have
left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,

To the woody hollows in which we
meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree ;
The white lake-blossom fell into the
lake,

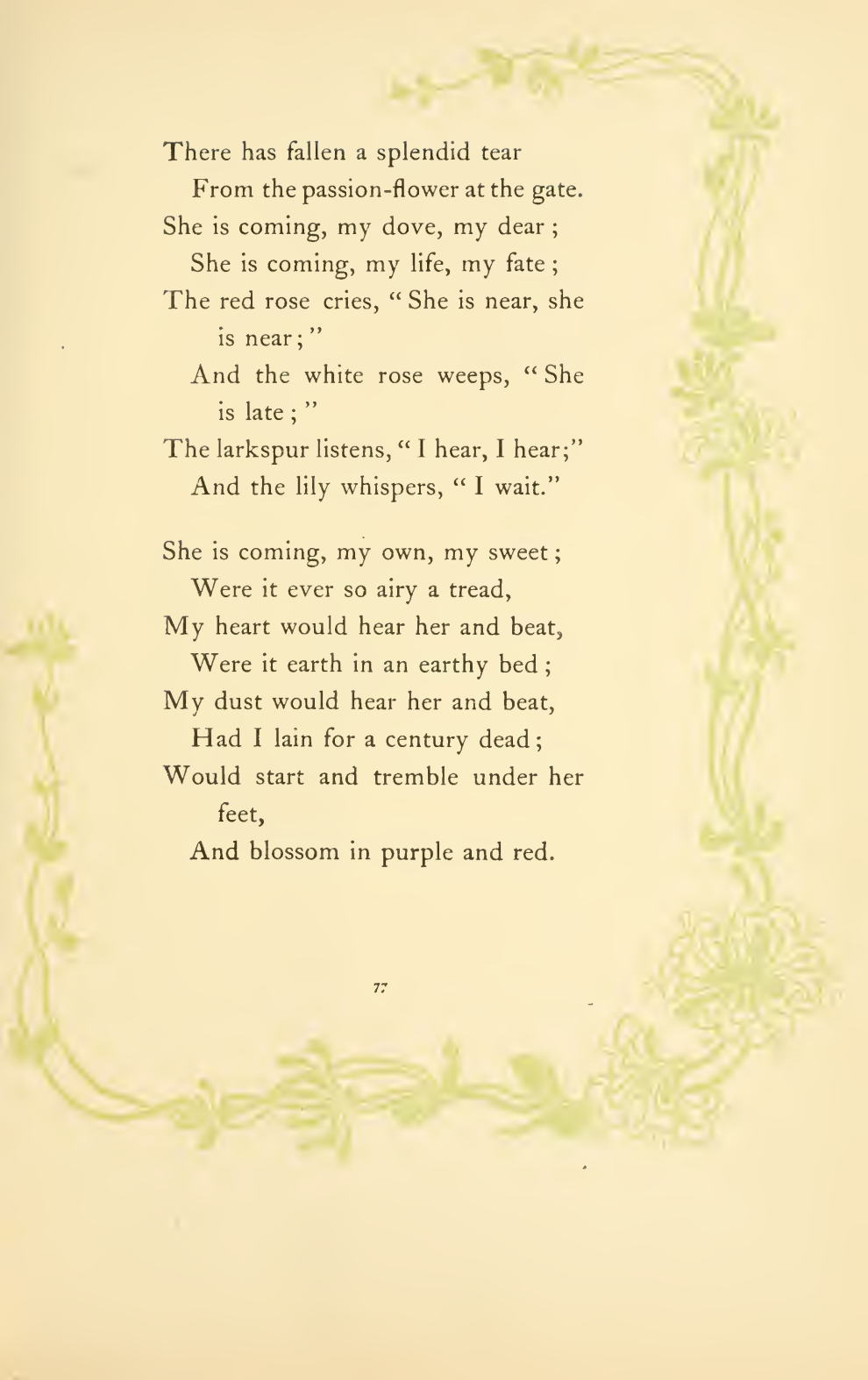
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;
But the rose was awake all night for
your sake,

Knowing your promise to me ;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of
girls,

Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one ;
Shine out, little head, sunning over
with curls,

To the flowers, and be their sun.



There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
She is coming, my life, my fate ;
The red rose cries, " She is near, she
is near ;"
And the white rose weeps, " She
is late ;"
The larkspur listens, " I hear, I hear ;"
And the lily whispers, " I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead ;
Would start and tremble under her
feet,
And blossom in purple and red.



“THE fault was mine, the fault was
mine”—

Why am I sitting here so stunn'd
and still,

Plucking the harmless wild-flower on
the hill?—

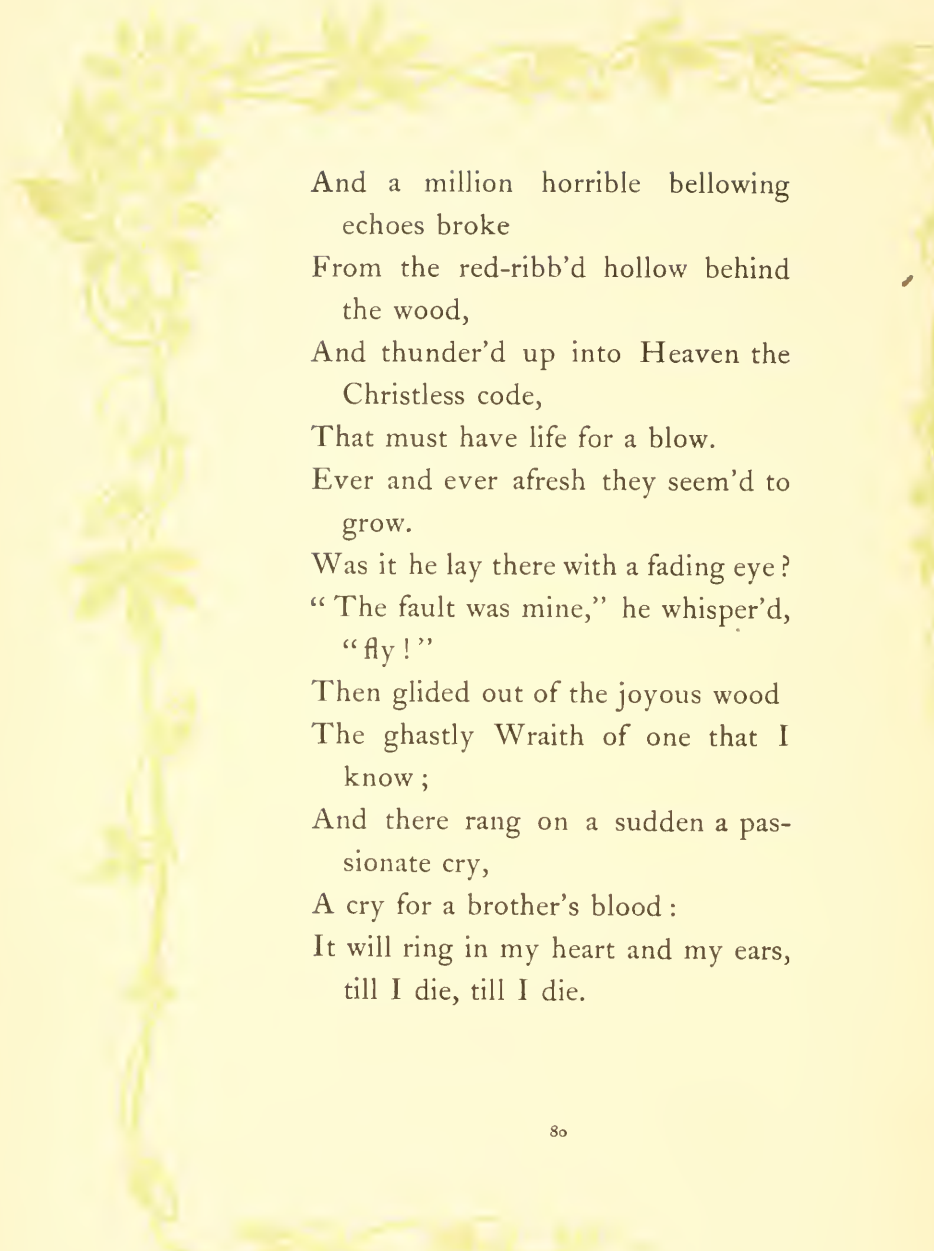
It is this guilty hand!—

And there rises ever a passionate cry
From underneath in the darkening
land—

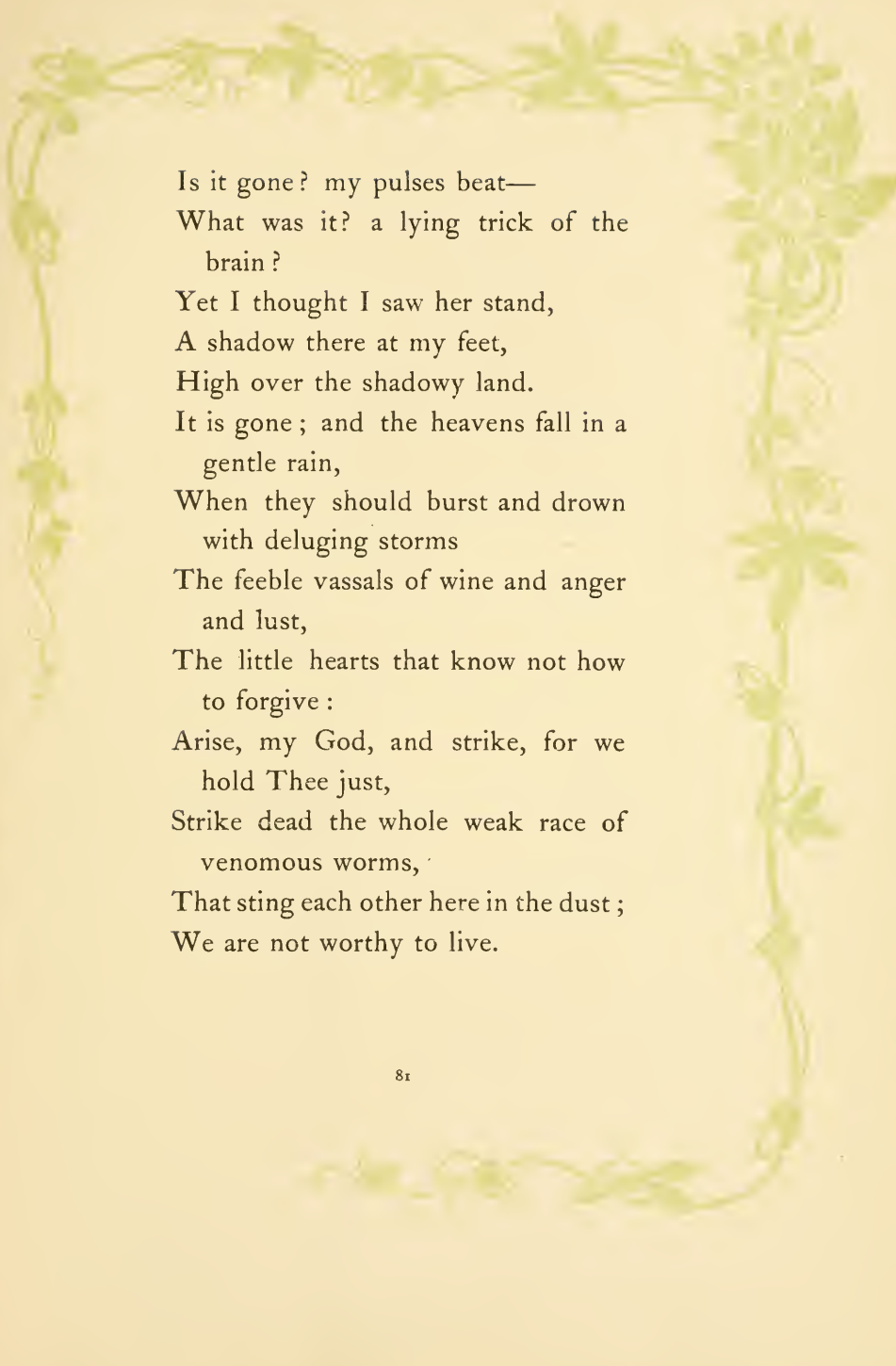
What is it, that has been done?

O dawn of Eden bright over earth
and sky,

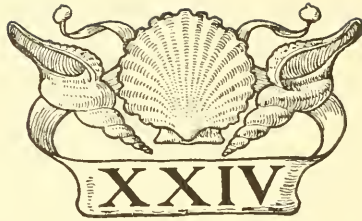
The fires of Hell brake out of thy
 rising sun,
The fires of Hell and of Hate ;
For she, sweet soul, had hardly
 spoken a word,
When her brother ran in his rage to
 the gate,
He came with the babe-faced lord ;
Heap'd on her terms of disgrace,
And while she wept, and I strove to
 be cool,
He fiercely gave me the lie,
Till I with as fierce as anger spoke,
And he struck me, madman, over
 the face,
Struck me before the languid fool,
Who was gaping and grinning by :
Struck for himself an evil stroke ;
Wrought for his house an irredeem-
 able woe ;
For front to front in an hour we
 stood,



And a million horrible bellowing
 echoes broke
From the red-ribb'd hollow behind
 the wood,
And thunder'd up into Heaven the
 Christless code,
That must have life for a blow.
Ever and ever afresh they seem'd to
 grow.
Was it he lay there with a fading eye?
"The fault was mine," he whisper'd,
 "fly!"
Then glided out of the joyous wood
The ghastly Wraith of one that I
 know;
And there rang on a sudden a pas-
 sionate cry,
A cry for a brother's blood:
It will ring in my heart and my ears,
 till I die, till I die.



Is it gone? my pulses beat—
What was it? a lying trick of the
 brain?
Yet I thought I saw her stand,
A shadow there at my feet,
High over the shadowy land.
It is gone; and the heavens fall in a
 gentle rain,
When they should burst and drown
 with deluging storms
The feeble vassals of wine and anger
 and lust,
The little hearts that know not how
 to forgive:
Arise, my God, and strike, for we
 hold Thee just,
Strike dead the whole weak race of
 venomous worms,
That sting each other here in the dust;
We are not worthy to live.



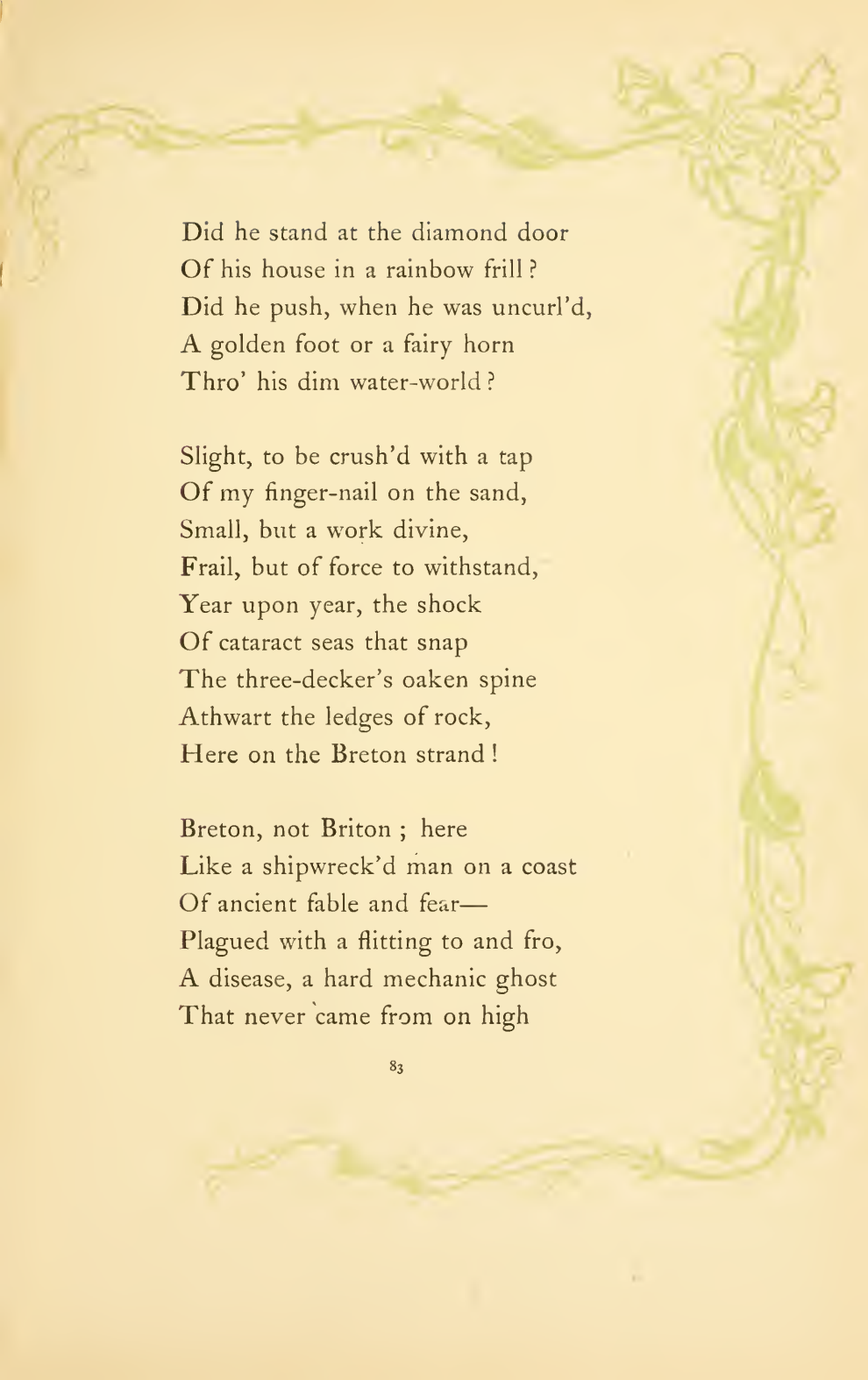
SEE what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design !

What is it ? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.



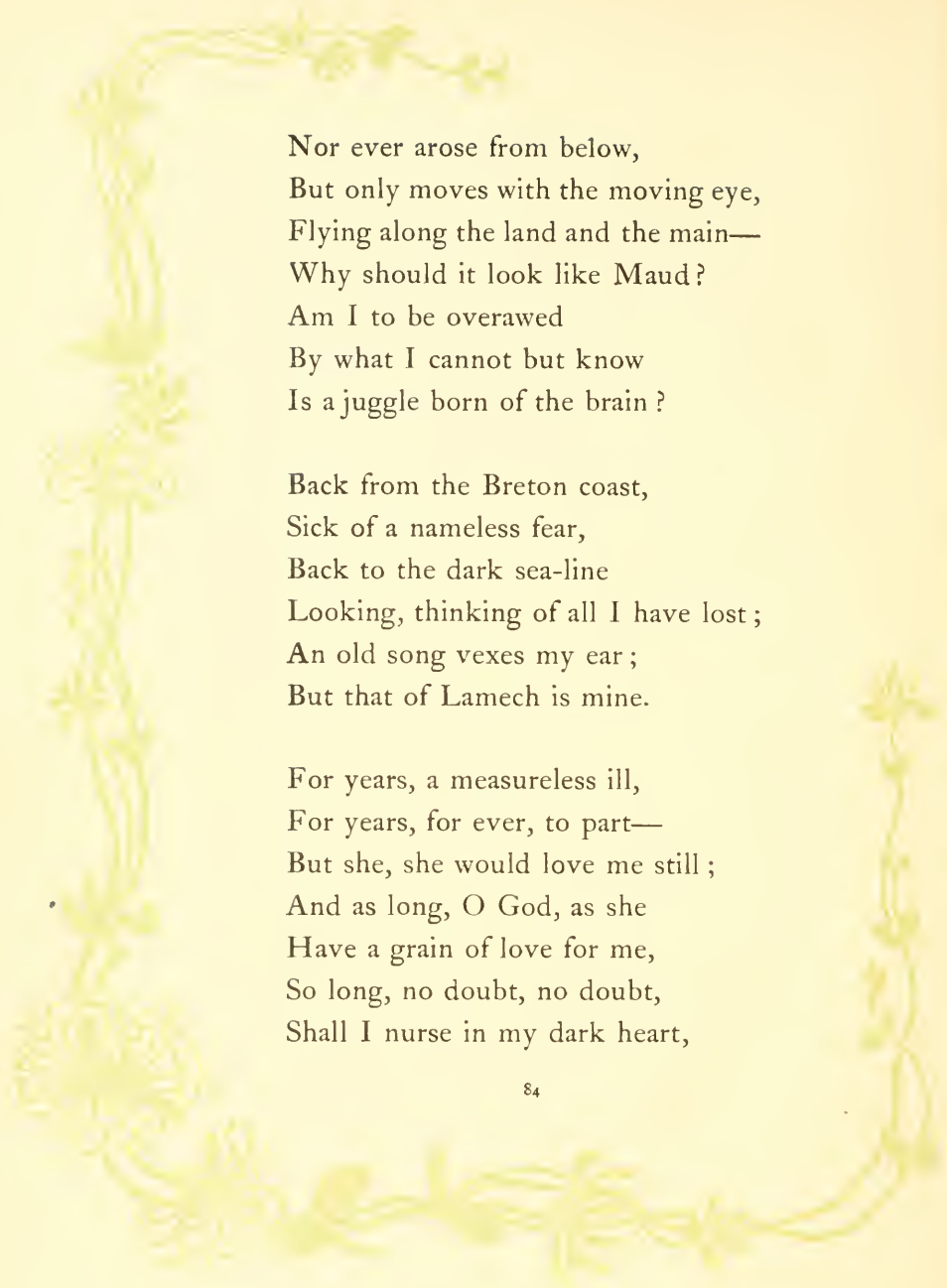
On the Breton strand.



Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!

Breton, not Briton ; here
Like a shipwreck'd man on a coast
Of ancient fable and fear—
Plagued with a flitting to and fro,
A disease, a hard mechanic ghost
That never came from on high



Nor ever arose from below,
But only moves with the moving eye,
Flying along the land and the main—
Why should it look like Maud?
Am I to be overawed
By what I cannot but know
Is a juggle born of the brain?

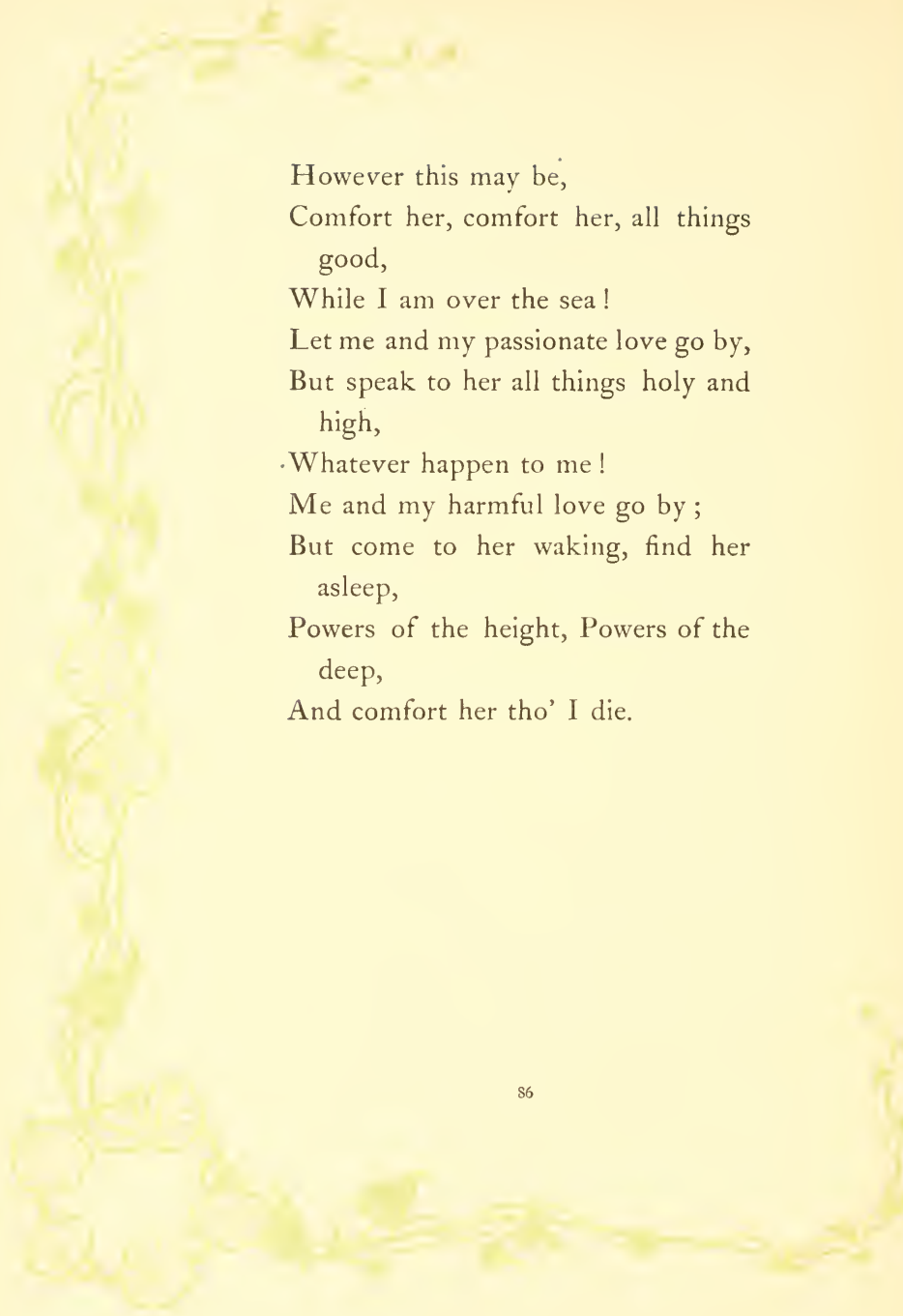
Back from the Breton coast,
Sick of a nameless fear,
Back to the dark sea-line
Looking, thinking of all I have lost ;
An old song vexes my ear ;
But that of Lamech is mine.

For years, a measureless ill,
For years, for ever, to part—
But she, she would love me still ;
And as long, O God, as she
Have a grain of love for me,
So long, no doubt, no doubt,
Shall I nurse in my dark heart,

However weary, a spark of will
Not to be trampled out.

Strange, that the mind, when fraught
With a passion so intense
One would think that it well
Might drown all life in the eye,—
That it should, by being so over-
wrought,
Suddenly strike on a sharper sense
For a shell, or a flower, little things
Which else would have been past by !
And now I remember, I,
When he lay dying there,
I noticed one of his many rings
(For he had many, poor worm) and
thought
It is his mother's hair.

Who knows if he be dead ?
Whether I need have fled ?
Am I guilty of blood ?



However this may be,
Comfort her, comfort her, all things
good,
While I am over the sea !
Let me and my passionate love go by,
But speak to her all things holy and
high,
Whatever happen to me !
Me and my harmful love go by ;
But come to her waking, find her
asleep,
Powers of the height, Powers of the
deep,
And comfort her tho' I die.



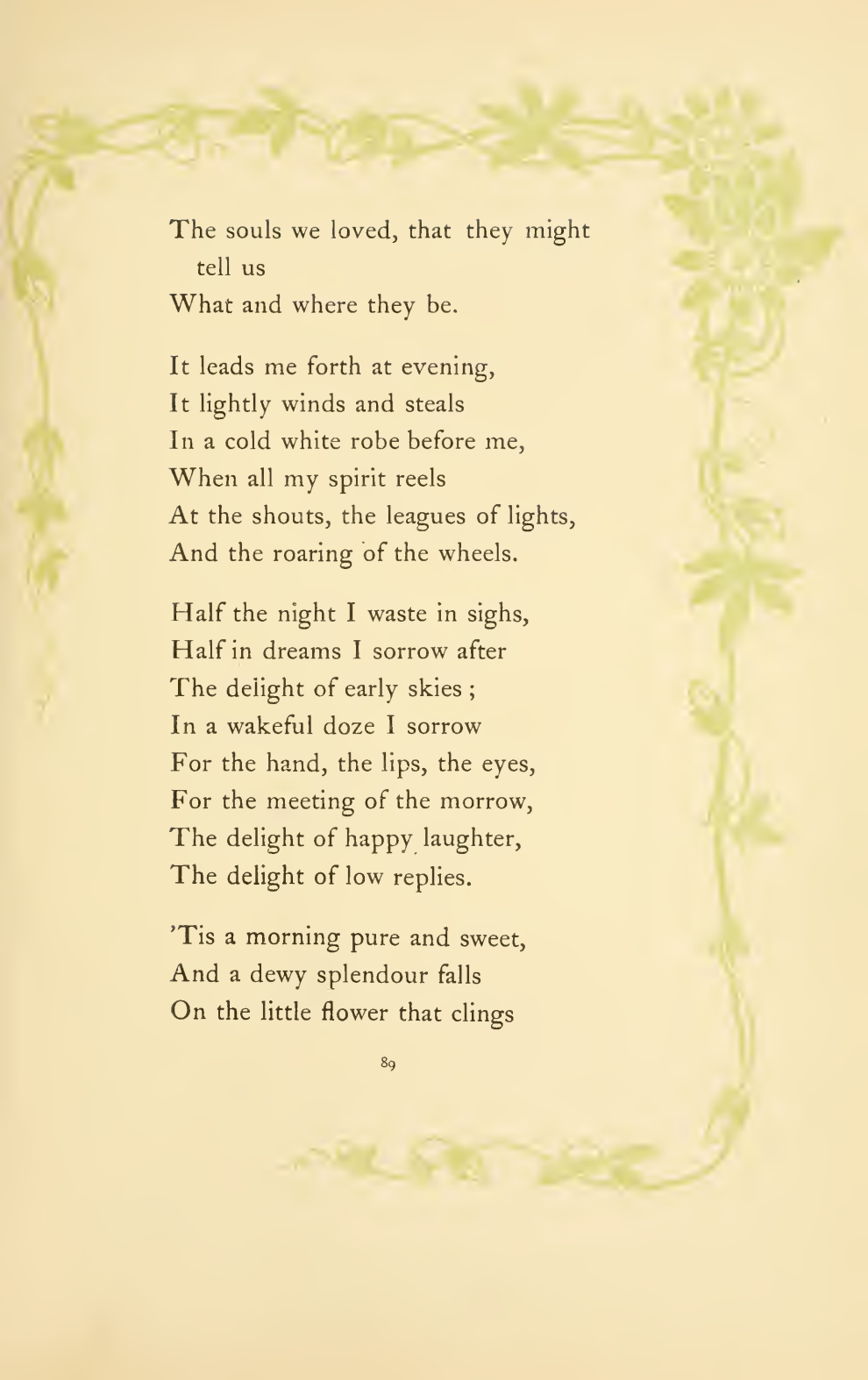
COURAGE, poor heart of stone !
I will not ask thee why
Thou canst not understand
That thou art left for ever alone :
Courage, poor stupid heart of stone.—
Or if I ask thee why,
Care not thou to reply :
She is but dead, and the time is at hand
When thou shalt more than die.



O THAT 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again !

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
By the home that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixt with kisses sweeter sweeter
Than any thing on earth.

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee ;
Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see

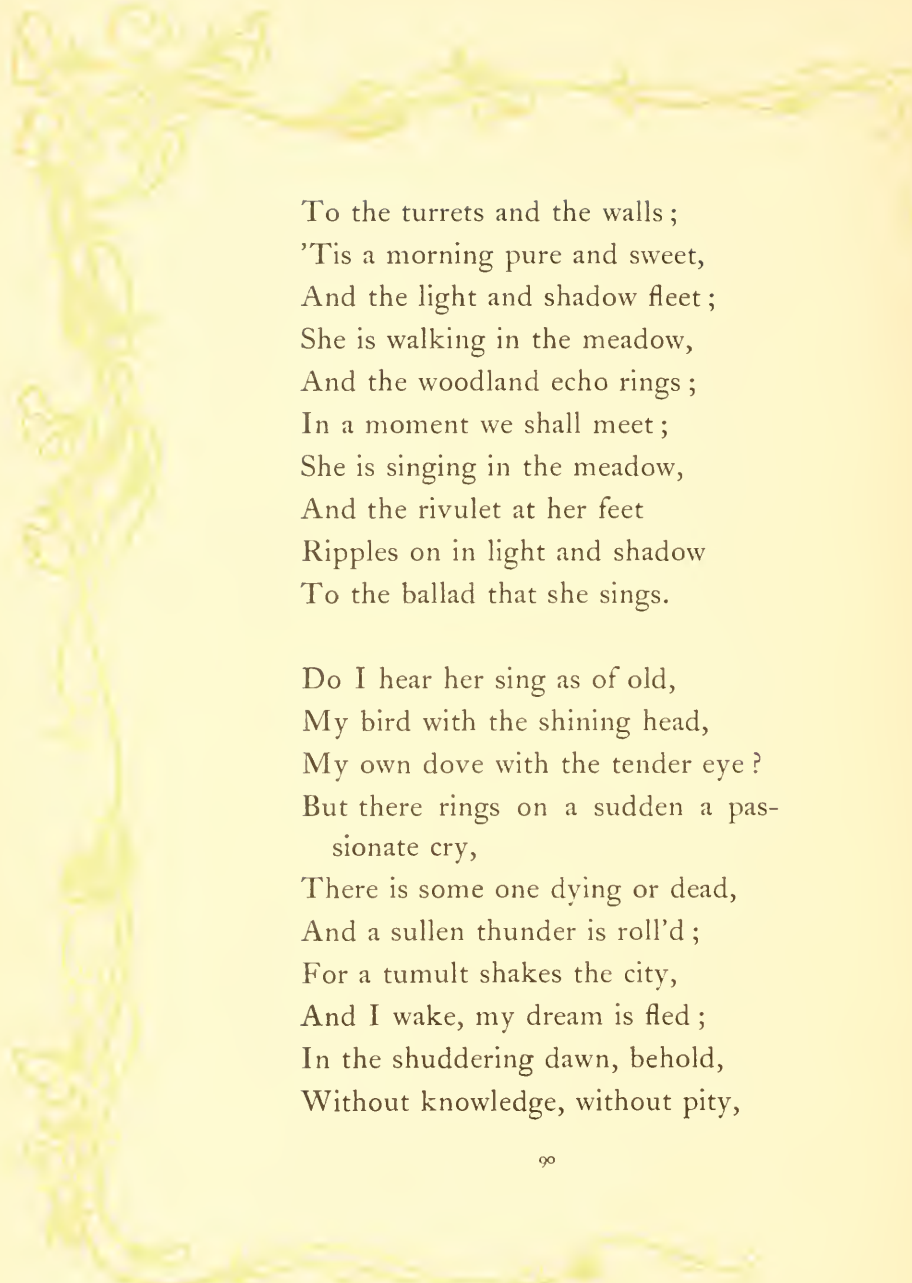


The souls we loved, that they might
tell us
What and where they be.

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies ;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendour falls
On the little flower that clings

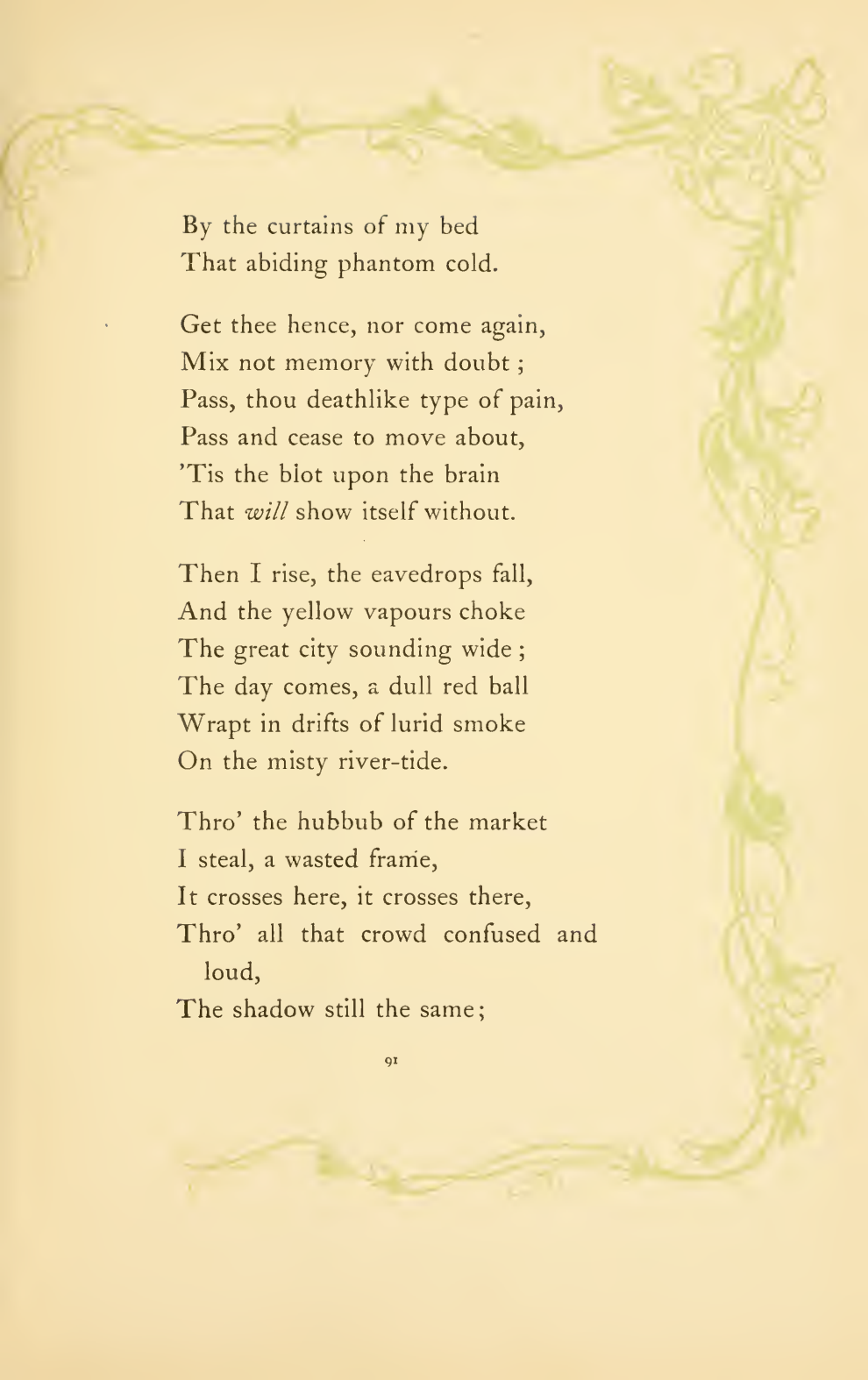


To the turrets and the walls ;
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet ;
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings ;
In a moment we shall meet ;
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye ?
But there rings on a sudden a pas-
sionate cry,
There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is roll'd ;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake, my dream is fled ;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,



The phantom cold.

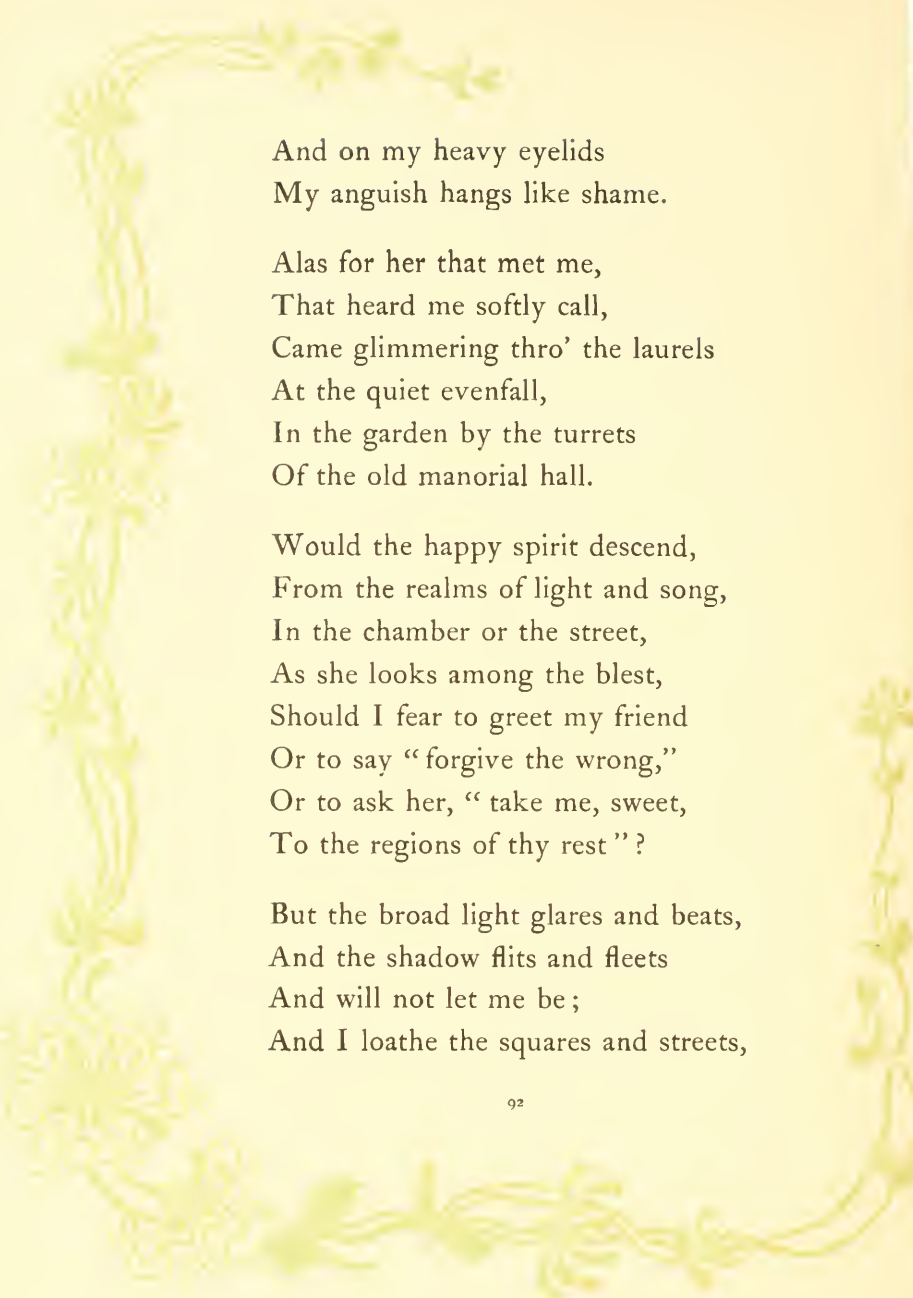


By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold.

Get thee hence, nor come again,
Mix not memory with doubt ;
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about,
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without.

Then I rise, the eavedrops fall,
And the yellow vapours choke
The great city sounding wide ;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

Thro' the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame,
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Thro' all that crowd confused and
 loud,
The shadow still the same ;

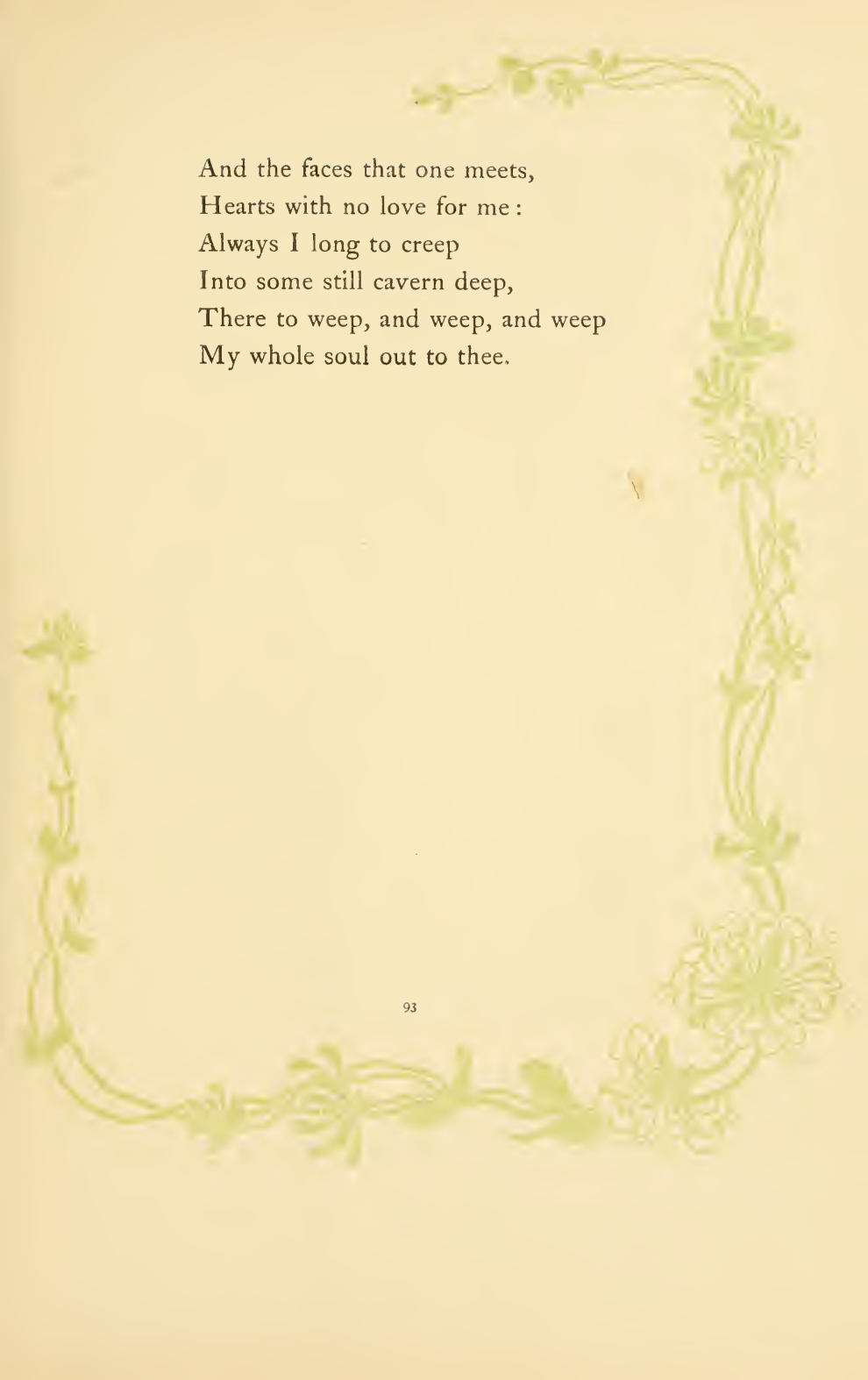


And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering thro' the laurels
At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall.

Would the happy spirit descend,
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to greet my friend
Or to say "forgive the wrong,"
Or to ask her, "take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest"?

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be;
And I loathe the squares and streets,



And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me :
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee.



DEAD, long dead,
Long dead !
And my heart is a handful of dust,
And the wheels go over my heed,
And my bones are shaken with pain,
For into a shallow grave they are
thrust,
Only a yard beneath the street,
And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat,
The hoofs of the horses beat,
Beat into my scalp and my brain,
With never an end to the stream of
passing feet,
Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying,
Clamour and rumble, and ringing and
clatter,
And here beneath it is all as bad,

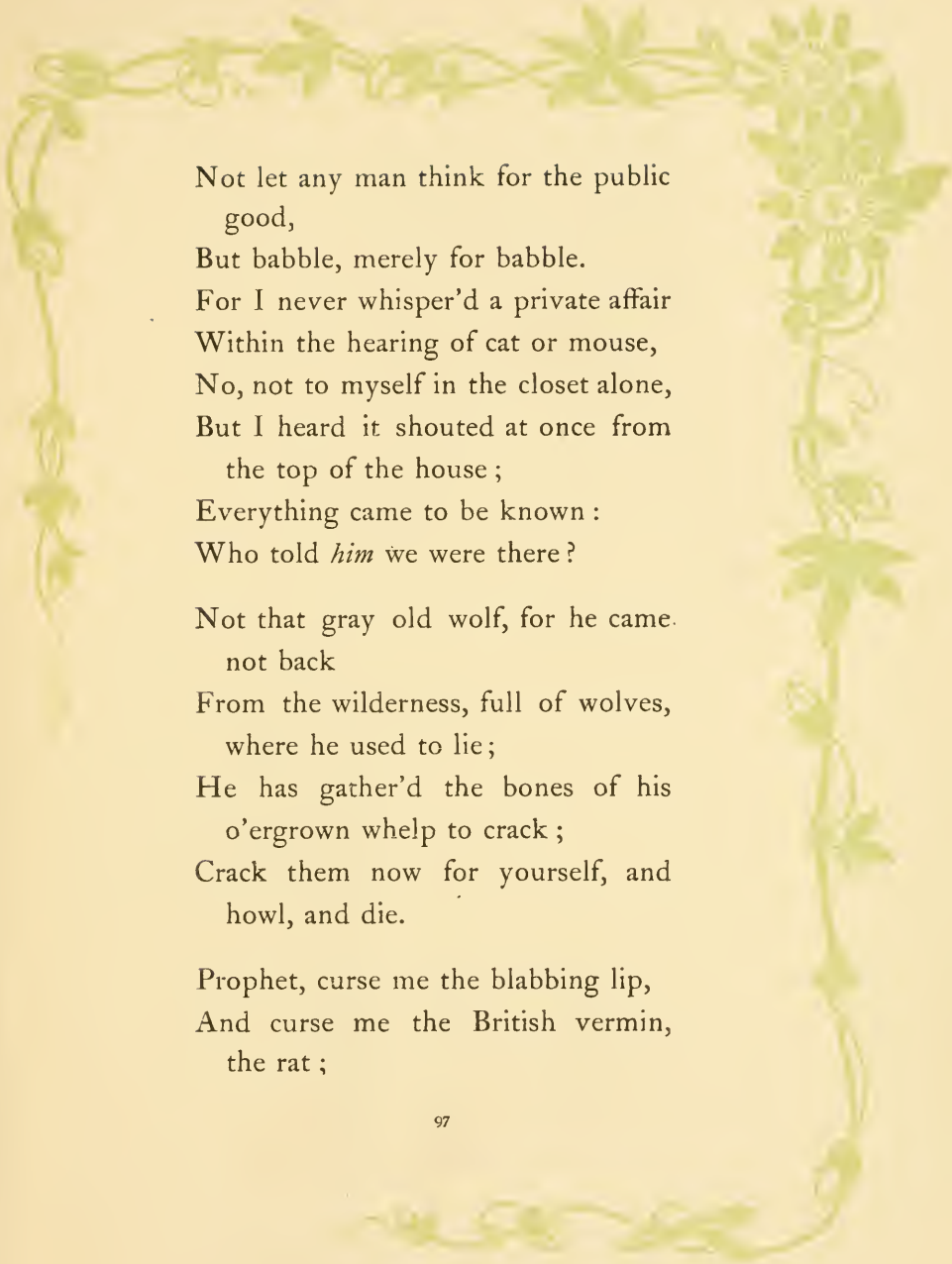
For I thought the dead had peace,
but it is not so ;
To have no peace in the grave, is
that not sad ?
But up and down and to and fro,
Ever about me the dead men go ;
And then to hear a dead man chatter
Is enough to drive one mad.

Wretchedest age, since Time began,
They cannot even bury a man ;
And tho' we paid our tithes in the
days that are gone,
Not a bell was rung, not a prayer
was read ;
It is that which makes us loud in the
world of the dead ;
There is none that does his work,
not one ;
A touch of their office might have
sufficed,
But the churchmen fain would kill
their church,

As the churches have kill'd their
Christ.

See, there is one of us sobbing,
No limit to his distress :
And another, a lord of all things,
praying
To his own great self, as I guess ;
And another, a statesman there, be-
traying
His party-secret, fool, to the press ;
And yonder a vile physician, blabbing
The case of his patient—all for what ?
To tickle the maggot born in an
empty head,
And wheedle a world that loves him
not,
For it is but a world of the dead.

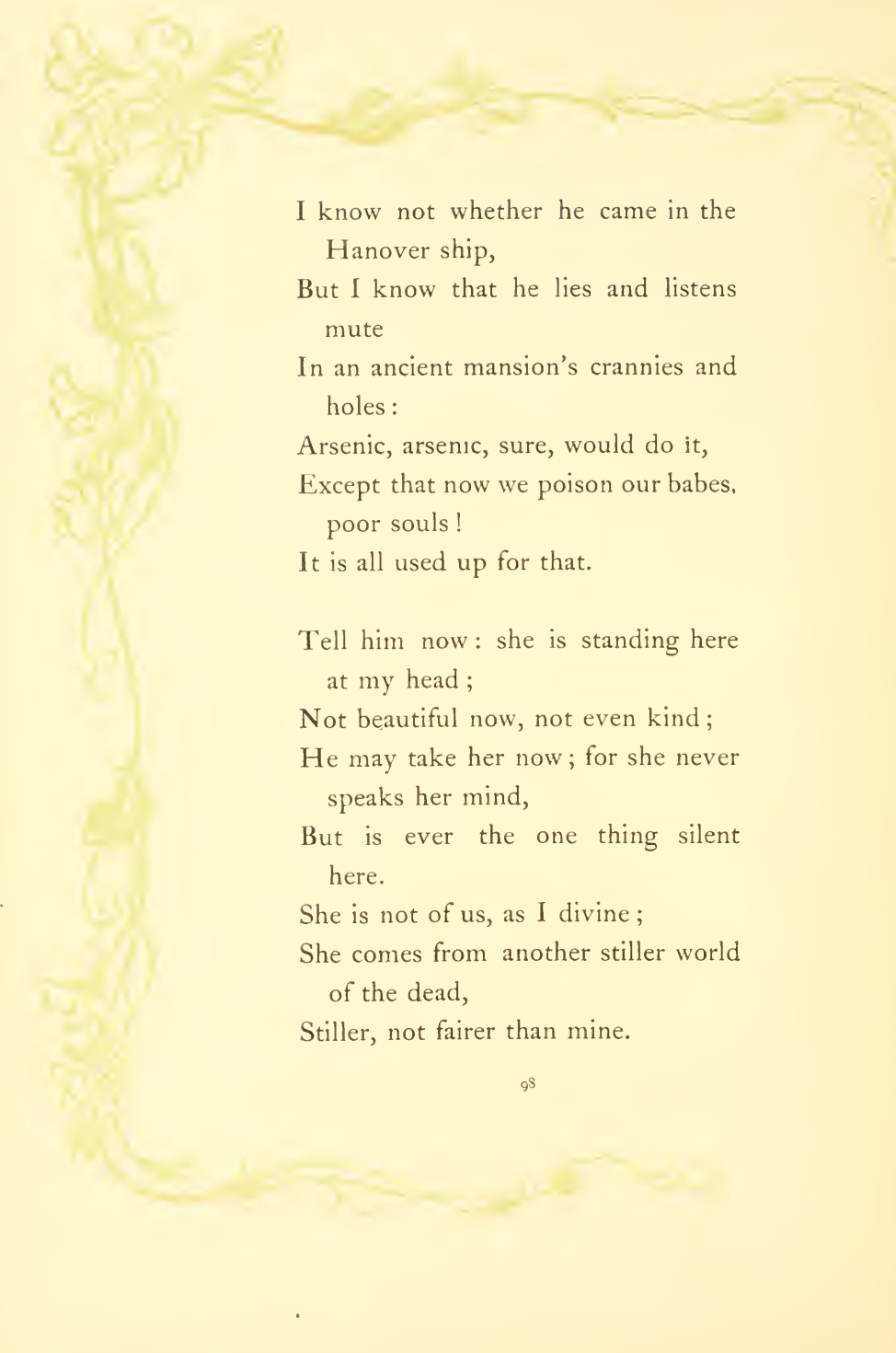
Nothing but idiot gabble !
For the prophecy given of old
And then not understood,
He has come to pass as foretold ;



Not let any man think for the public
good,
But babble, merely for babble.
For I never whisper'd a private affair
Within the hearing of cat or mouse,
No, not to myself in the closet alone,
But I heard it shouted at once from
the top of the house ;
Everything came to be known :
Who told *him* we were there ?

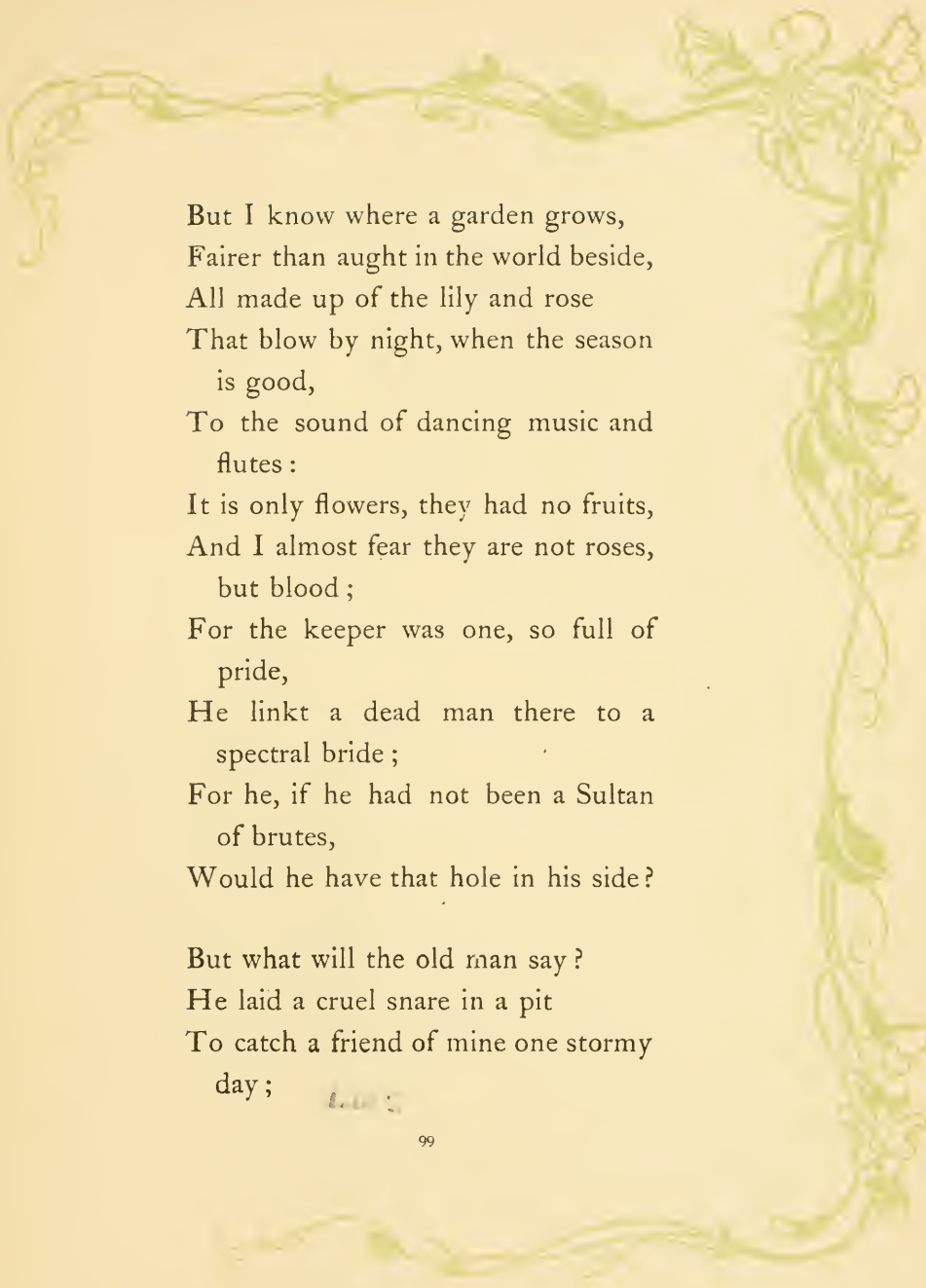
Not that gray old wolf, for he came
not back
From the wilderness, full of wolves,
where he used to lie ;
He has gather'd the bones of his
o'ergrown whelp to crack ;
Crack them now for yourself, and
howl, and die.

Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,
And curse me the British vermin,
the rat ;



I know not whether he came in the
Hanover ship,
But I know that he lies and listens
mute
In an ancient mansion's crannies and
holes:
Arsenic, arsenic, sure, would do it,
Except that now we poison our babes,
poor souls!
It is all used up for that.

Tell him now: she is standing here
at my head;
Not beautiful now, not even kind;
He may take her now; for she never
speaks her mind,
But is ever the one thing silent
here.
She is not of us, as I divine;
She comes from another stiller world
of the dead,
Stiller, not fairer than mine.



But I know where a garden grows,
Fairer than aught in the world beside,
All made up of the lily and rose
That blow by night, when the season
 is good,
To the sound of dancing music and
 flutes :
It is only flowers, they had no fruits,
And I almost fear they are not roses,
 but blood ;
For the keeper was one, so full of
 pride,
He linkt a dead man there to a
 spectral bride ;
For he, if he had not been a Sultan
 of brutes,
Would he have that hole in his side ?

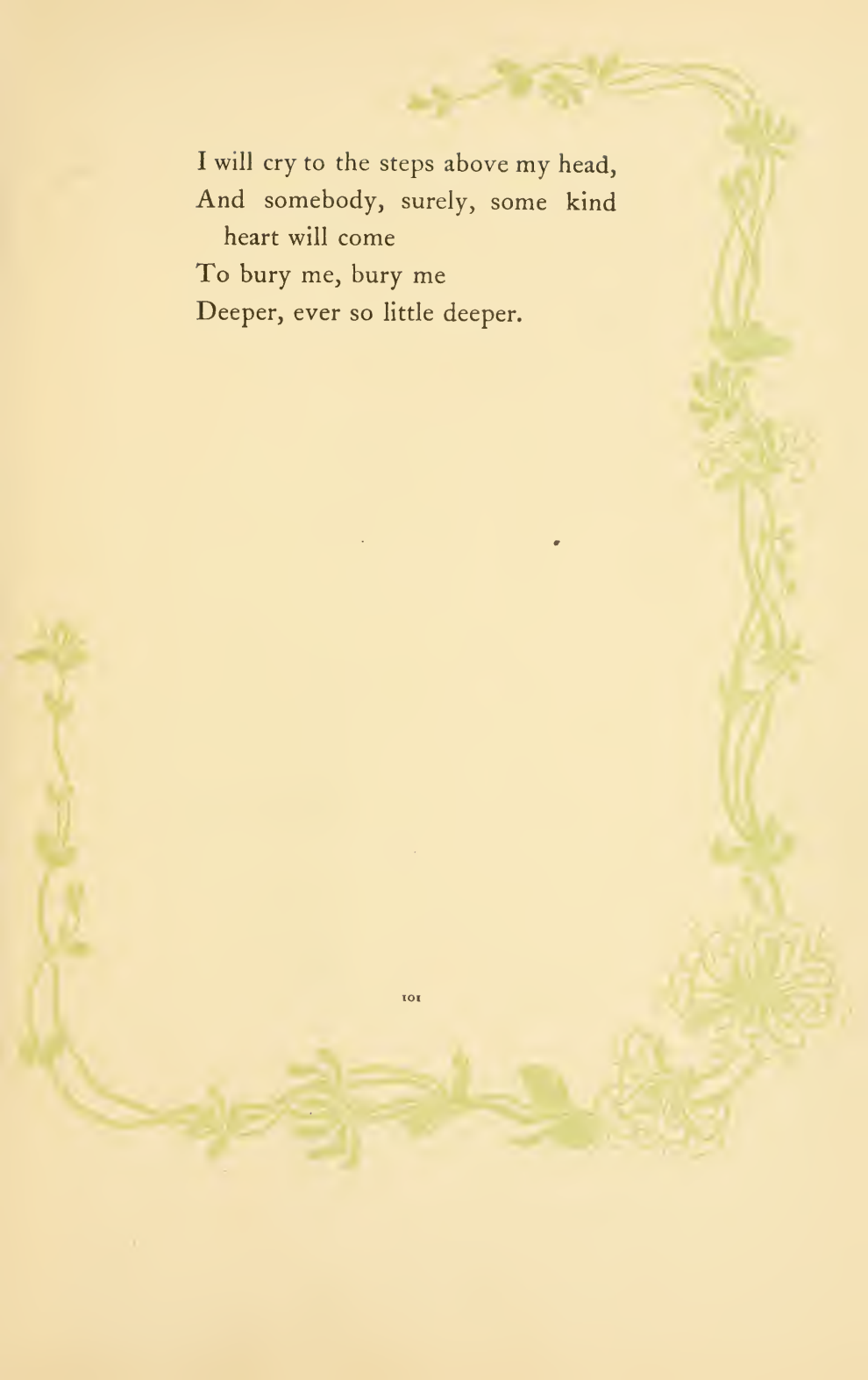
But what will the old man say ?
He laid a cruel snare in a pit
To catch a friend of mine one stormy
 day ;

Yet now I could even weep to think
of it ;
For what will the old man say
When he comes to the second corpse
in the pit ?

Friend, to be struck by the public foe,
Then to strike him and lay him low,
That were a public merit, far,
Whatever the Quaker holds, from sin ;
But the red life spilt for a private
blow—

I swear to you, lawful and lawless war
Are scarcely even akin.

O me, why have they not buried me
deep enough ?
Is it kind to have made me a grave
so rough,
Me, that was never a quiet sleeper ?
Maybe still I am but half-dead ;
Then I cannot be wholly dumb ;



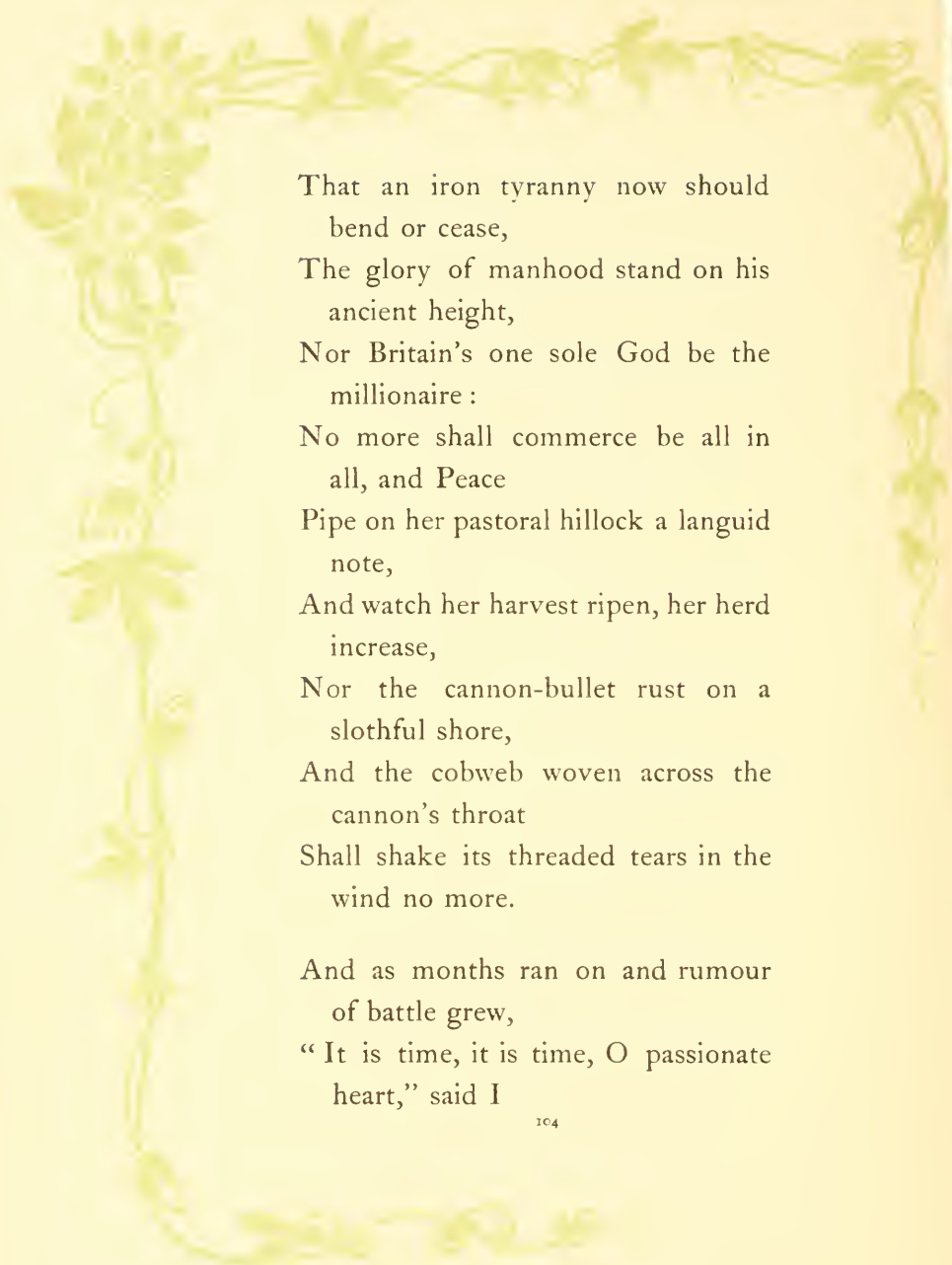
I will cry to the steps above my head,
And somebody, surely, some kind
 heart will come
To bury me, bury me
Deeper, ever so little deeper.



My life has crept so long on a broken
wing
Thro' cells of madness, haunts of
horror and fear,
That I come to be grateful at last for
a little thing ;
My mood is changed, for it fell at a
time of year
When the face of nights is fair on the
dewy downs,
And the shining daffodil dies, and
the Charioteer
And starry Gemini hang like glorious
crowns
Over Orion's grave low down in the
west,

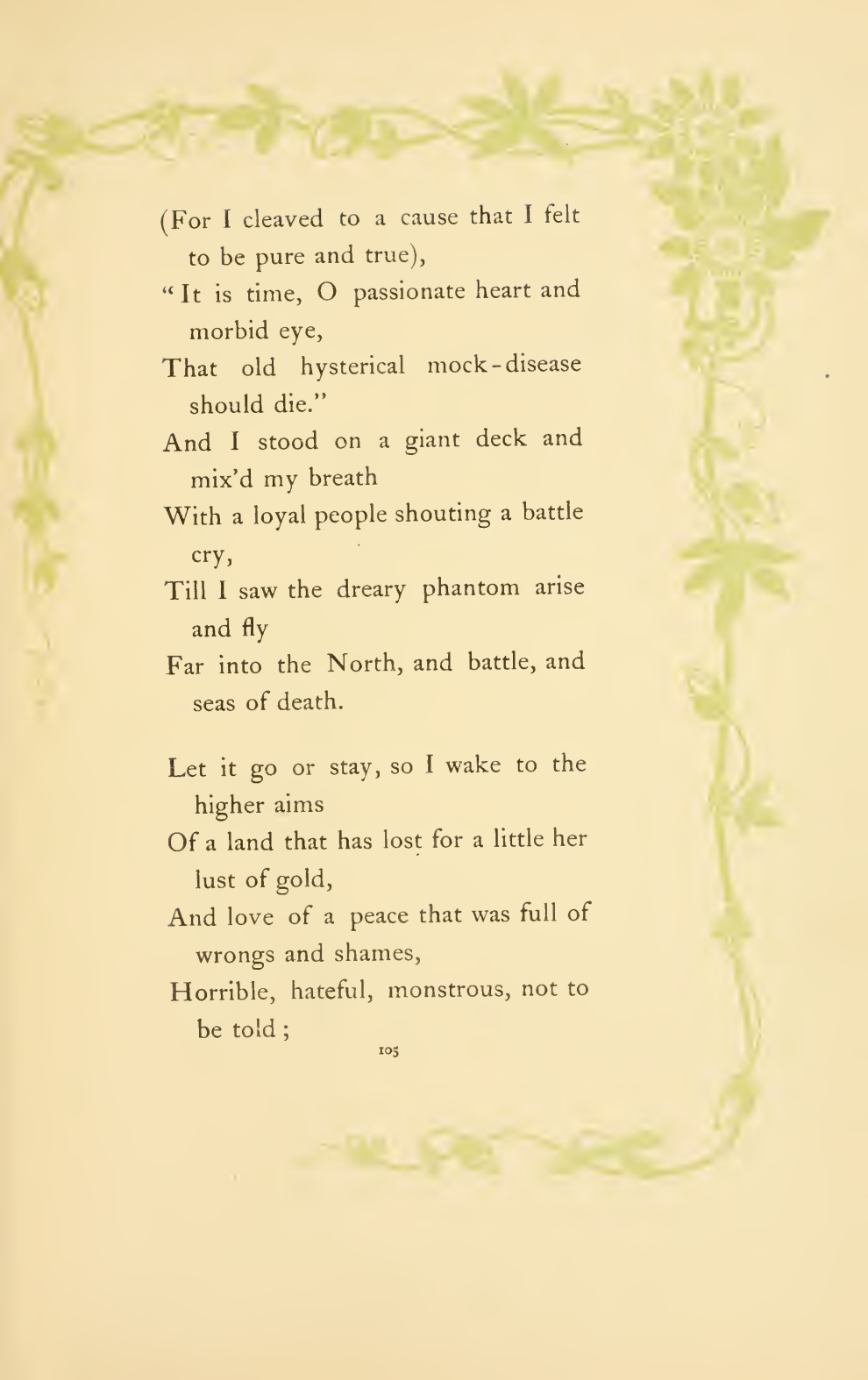
That like a silent lightning under the
stars
She seem'd to divide in a dream from
a band of the blest,
And spoke of a hope for the world
in the coming wars—
“And in that hope, dear soul, let
trouble have rest,
Knowing I tarry for thee,” and
pointed to Mars
As he glow'd like a ruddy shield on
the Lion's breast.

And it was but a dream, yet it yielded
a dear delight
To have look'd, tho' but in a dream,
upon eyes so fair,
That had been in a weary world my
one thing bright ;
And it was but a dream, yet it
lighten'd my despair
When I thought that a war would
arise in defence of the right,



That an iron tyranny now should
bend or cease,
The glory of manhood stand on his
ancient height,
Nor Britain's one sole God be the
millionaire :
No more shall commerce be all in
all, and Peace
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid
note,
And watch her harvest ripen, her herd
increase,
Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a
slothful shore,
And the cobweb woven across the
cannon's throat
Shall shake its threaded tears in the
wind no more.

And as months ran on and rumour
of battle grew,
"It is time, it is time, O passionate
heart," said I



(For I cleaved to a cause that I felt
to be pure and true),

“It is time, O passionate heart and
morbid eye,

That old hysterical mock-disease
should die.”

And I stood on a giant deck and
mix'd my breath

With a loyal people shouting a battle
cry,

Till I saw the dreary phantom arise
and fly

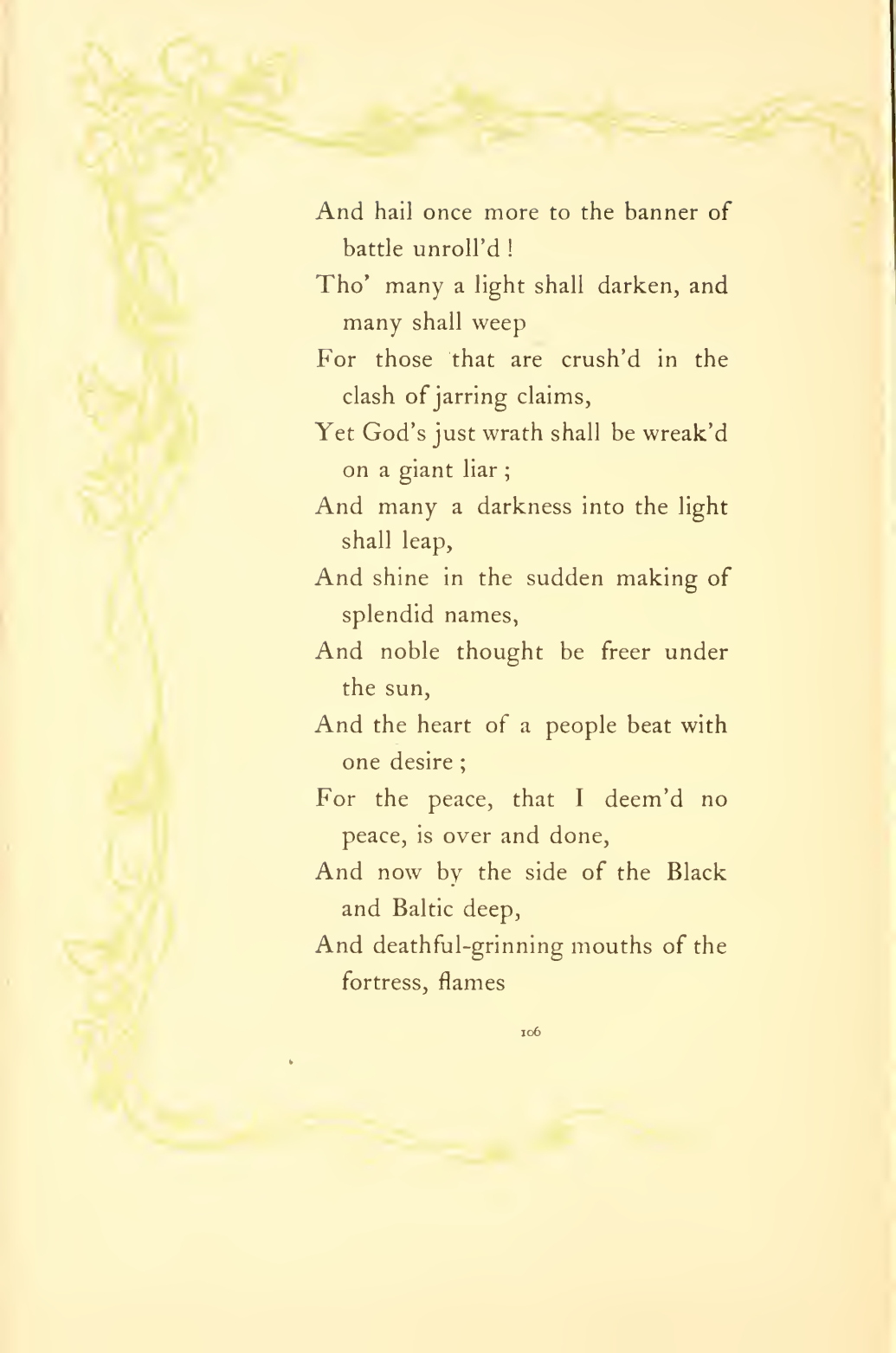
Far into the North, and battle, and
seas of death.

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the
higher aims

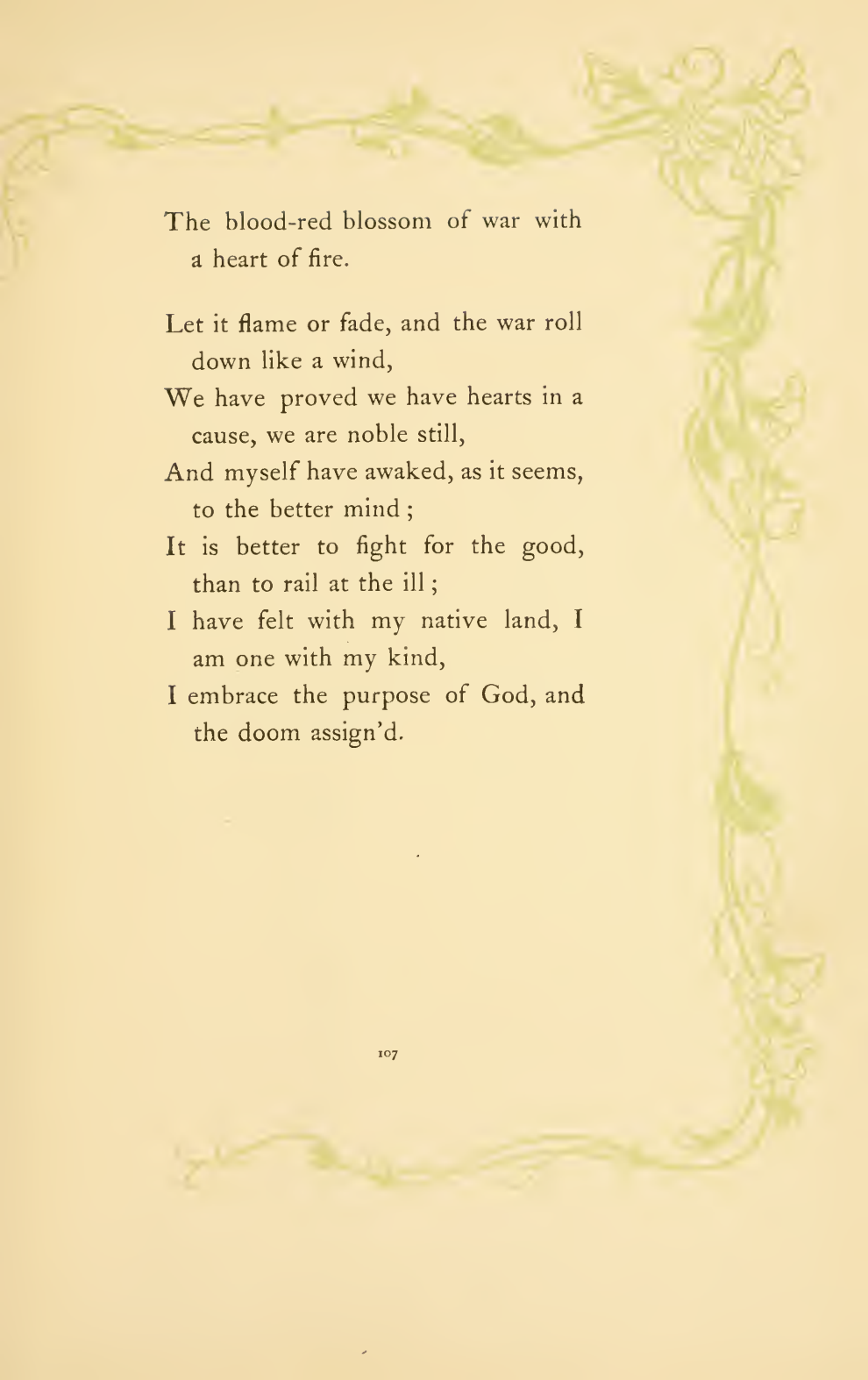
Of a land that has lost for a little her
lust of gold,

And love of a peace that was full of
wrongs and shames,

Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to
be told ;



And hail once more to the banner of
battle unroll'd !
Tho' many a light shall darken, and
many shall weep
For those that are crush'd in the
clash of jarring claims,
Yet God's just wrath shall be wreak'd
on a giant liar ;
And many a darkness into the light
shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of
splendid names,
And noble thought be freer under
the sun,
And the heart of a people beat with
one desire ;
For the peace, that I deem'd no
peace, is over and done,
And now by the side of the Black
and Baltic deep,
And deathful-grinning mouths of the
fortress, flames



The blood-red blossom of war with
a heart of fire.

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll
down like a wind,
We have proved we have hearts in a
cause, we are noble still,
And myself have awaked, as it seems,
to the better mind ;
It is better to fight for the good,
than to rail at the ill ;
I have felt with my native land, I
am one with my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and
the doom assign'd.

OCT 23 1905





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 010 093 677 A

